WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

MAGAZINE NUMBER

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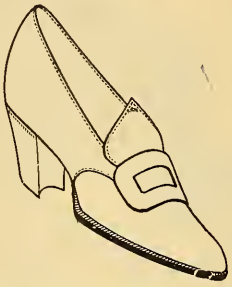

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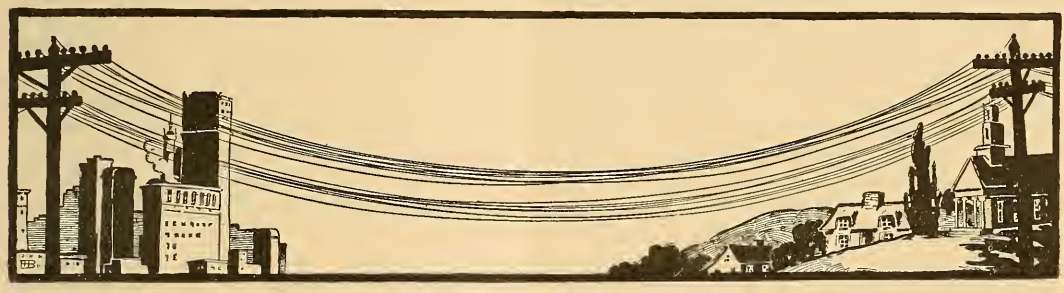

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

AFTER COLLEGE WHAT CAN I FIND TO DO?

This query for our headline, gentle reader, granted you, its propounder, are neither genius nor specialist. If you have taken all the biology and other sciences you can with Johns Hopkins in view, or followed the physical training teachers' course, or are irrepressibly gifted in some art, different means of getting things to do after college do not apply to you. After commencement you find yourself in no maze at all. We leave you to your bridled ways.

Not longer ago than the years in which the present Seniors were taking their college preparatory, there have come into being agencies especially giving their energies to placing college women in remunerative positions. Teachers' agencies, of course, have been in existence many years. Numerous agencies, also, make a business of placing manuscripts for publication. Besides such agencies, a newspaper men's exchange, supplying some positions to women, has been conducted for some years in Springfield, Massachusetts. But the Fifth Avenue Agency of New York, the Appointment Bureau of Boston and the Intercollegiate Bureau of New York, named in the order of their foundation, the newer form of women's employment bureaus, have adapted themselves more fully to the woman's case in point. The Fifth Avenue Agency, besides placing private school-teachers, fills a great many secretarial positions in the offices of excellent business houses and philanthropic organizations. The Appointment Bureau and the Intercollegiate Bureau look out on a still wider field. While for a very large part of their applicants positions have been secured in business offices and in social work, others have been found work as interior decorators, bacteriologists, horticulturists, industrial chemists, farm managers and buyers for co-operative clubs, and for whatever other occupation they may have been specially fitted.

Of all these occupational assistance bureaus the Appointment Bureau and the Intercollegiate Bureau, by virtue of their wide application to college graduates, come first to the attention. Both because they are new institutions and also because of their strongly educational rather than commercial aim, they are not as yet self-supporting. As you know, the Intercollegiate in New York is backed by the alumnæ associations of New York City, and the Appointment Bureau of Boston by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. The public-spirited women promoting these bureaus are actuated by just such motives on behalf of college women in general as move the graduate in particular when, her four cultural years passed, she looks about to find work to do. These associations of women, just as the single graduate for her own self, would like to see the college woman doing work of some significance, getting sufficiently

paid for it, or at least heading toward the kind of work her inclinations lead her to do.

The Appointment Bureau and Intercollegiate Bureau may well be described as headquarters for general information. They are exactly the places to go to find out just what opening there is in the calling you wish to follow and where you may get training, if some technical training is necessary before you are ready to go to work. The Appointment Bureau, for instance, has not only learned the field through requests made to it for workers, but makes a point of sending people out to look up opportunities. By means of its wide affiliations with women of experience and by field agents, many phases of a given sort of occupation are investigated. A woman who has held two or three positions might be able to offer you piecemeal information about different sorts of work. But the Appointment Bureau (of which Miss Florence Jackson, once instructor at Wellesley, is director, and Miss Eleanor Martin, a Wellesley woman, is field agent) aims to collect what a great number of women say about kinds and opportunities of work they have experienced and also what employers say as to the kinds of workers they need. It has been studying lately the varying fields in social work, what workers each group of social service activity demands, what training each kind of worker must have—whether she would be eligible just out of college or if she must have some special training, such as experience in organizing girls' clubs or knowledge of basketry and clay modeling. When the various fields of possible work for women have been covered in such thorough ways and the information regarding them constantly kept new, you, on coming to the bureau, reap the benefit. You profit by the experience of many others. And as more paths for women at work are found and more learned about the topography of those paths, and more women are started out in them, the outlook for you is as constantly broadened.

But you are asking if, on leaving college, you can find, through these agencies, something to do right away in the fall. Can you? Again, these college women's agencies are the best places to which to turn. It is possible they can offer you something to do and if not, they can direct you wisely as to where to go to get a practical training which will assure you of finding work. As an instance, stenography is, as you may know, a useful sword in hand with which to enter the business world. Six months is a fair extent of time in which by diligent study to learn accurately this very accurate system of little scratches to represent the sounds of speech and to scratch those exact little scratches as quick as uttered. An air of something cheapening hangs over stenography as a trade, Columbia having recently established a chair of stenography, notwithstanding, and just because of the great number of half-trained, poorly educated workers who attempt it. But equally due to these poor workers, the chances are better for anyone well equipped. A young woman who can take dictation quickly and accurately, really spell correctly and rely on her common sense when uninformed, is quite welcome in many business offices. The Fifth Avenue Agency of New York (of which Miss Helen M. Kelsey, Wellesley, '95, formerly registrar at Wellesley, is founder), believes that the remuneration is better for the business woman than for the teacher in the first few years after college. After half a dozen years the salaries run about equal, making allowances for the differing abilities and opportunities of individuals, but in the first few years the business woman receives promotion more quickly. This agency reports that the salaries for well-equipped college women secretaries range on an average from eighteen or twenty dollars to thirty-five dollars weekly.

Graduates who at once join the teaching sorority have the advantage of being fairly certain of some offer to teach being made them immediately on leaving college and with no further training necessary or required. This if they are willing to begin with whatever is offered, possibly a school in a remote little country town. For such positions a Boston teachers' agency estimates the salaries as from four hundred to five hundred dollars for the first year, increasing with the years and with changes to better schools to eight hundred or one thousand dollars as an average maximum. In every large city there are a number of good teachers' agencies, whose names can best be obtained from teachers of experience.

The Newspaper Men's Exchange has a bewitching name to those who have a notion toward newspaper life. But unless a woman graduate has managed to secure exceptional experience, the agency has little to offer those just out of college. It is, however, a reliable bureau with which to be connected after gaining some practical knowledge which could be adapted editorially. As a specimen of their opportunities, Mr. Fernald, the manager, says that he recently had an opening for a young woman with thorough, practical knowledge of up-to-date farming as it is practised on the large farms of the Middle West, with education equal to college grade, and with some practical experience in editorial work, preferably with a farm publication. Such a place, it is plain, requires not one kind of technical knowledge but two. This exchange, it goes without saying, also has calls for women with experience as society reporters or editors of women's pages on daily newspapers.

The only way to get newspaper experience, any newspaper person is sure to reply when asked, is just to go yourself and get it. Go one day and ask for work, and when they refuse you, come back next week and ask again; send them in a piece of news or a special article and when they don't print it, send in another and so on, until, on the one hand, they're tired of refusing you, and you, for your part, have learned their kind of work. This course clearly has its hardships. A really sure way to essay newspaper work is to approach the country newspaper in any little town. It will take you and give you anything and everything to do. It will teach you what news is and how to write it by the old adage, "If you have anything to say, say it in the first three lines." While no newspaper person would wish to be understood as saying that a newspaper training inculcates cheerful optimism or merely toleration of the seamy side of life, such experience, they hold, does show the sad and the glad keeping strange company and that the motives of men and measures, the latest reformer as well as the latest scoundrel, are not unmixed.

The country newspaper offers, too, a great opportunity for social study. Imagine what a readable, informing sheet a town newspaper would be if in these days of the immigrant it reported well the lives and doings of the mill hands of a town! Such an accomplishment has been reached in at least one Massachusetts village by an editor who made a point of knowing and reporting all groups of people in the community, giving fair-minded publicity to each, till the people who were not "our kind" began to reveal commendable characteristics to the "other kind," and a very sturdy civic spirit developed. It might be added that the editor, though loath to go, was called away to a bigger field.

The country newspaper gives also a chance to learn how to handle type. And while few country printing offices are likely to be equipped to teach all there is to know about artistic printing, knowledge of a few typesetting principles is not to be despised in any editorial or advertising work.

Literary exchanges are always open for anyone so minded to drop in their manuscript. Such exchanges condense the work a person with a story to sell might do for herself. They keep informed as to the market, they know what specific magazines and papers will and will not take and are thus in a good lookout position to say if a story or an article is likely to be salable, and where. Such exchanges charge a couple of dollars for reading a manuscript of short story length, returning with it any criticism or advice, and for the sale of such a manuscript through their help, ask a commission of from ten to twenty per cent. of the price received. Very reputable bureaus of this sort are Miss Holly's at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, and the "Editor" Literary Bureau, conducted by the "Editor" magazine at Ridgewood, New Jersey. Miss Holly says that when students have taken a good course of short story writing, they turn out acceptable fiction. She feels, too, that newcomers to the field of magazine writing often bring excellent ideas and that the practical help her bureau gives is done with the greatest interest in the encouragement of new writers.

The real American romance is business. I do not know that people while in college appreciate the achieving spirit that side by side with all the commercial selfishness you please is moving in business. A litterateur writes something passably readable, let us say for the Ladies' Home

Journal, or some other publication of the Curtis Company. But the writer does not manufacture the paper which will carry his message, making literally out of trees the stuff on which his words are spread far and wide; nor mix the three-quarters of a million pounds of ink yearly to print two magazines; nor run the great printing presses in all the delicate, clever work of the printing craft; nor arrange to transport to all parts of the world one hundred and fifty-two tons of reading matter issued daily by the Curtis Publishing Company alone. Business does that. Social sciences undoubtedly inspire the general world with better and keener ideas of humanity, but social service does not take our informing, modern magazines with their illustrated news of progressive civilization and put them into the hands of harem-kept Eastern princesses. Business does. Social service does not transport school books from the Atlantic coast of our country to the Pacific coast of one of the Central American countries and thence by the only route, burro back, to reach hundreds of school children in the interior. Business does. Business supplies us with bread and covering and civilization's necessities, builds cities and, incidentally, brings men near enough together to quarrel. The thought of the vastness of commercial enterprise, undoubtedly with many wrongs not yet righted, but with many splendid achievements to its credit, is stimulating, realistic romance.

It is perhaps unnecessary to state that no bureau can place all of its applicants. By registering in one or more bureaus which seem applicable to you, you give yourself so much the greater likelihood of hearing of satisfactory work. It is the general custom of employment bureaus to charge a registration fee when application is made and a percentage of salary for any position secured, even though indirectly, through the efforts of the bureau. The highest usual percentage is five per cent., this being the maximum allowed by law in Massachusetts. Five per cent. of the year's salary is the fee generally asked by all teachers' agencies, which often state that this amount is due on acceptance of the position. This clause looks unreasonable when teachers' salaries may not be paid until four or eight weeks after the commencement of the term. Teachers' agencies customarily ask one or two dollars or more as a registration fee. The Fifth Avenue Agency requires five per cent. of the year's salary for positions secured as teachers in private schools (the Fifth Avenue Agency does not deal with public schools). On business positions the Fifth Avenue Agency's commission is one week's salary. Mr. Fernald's Newspaper Exchange charges four per cent. or less of the year's salary; that is, on a twenty-dollar-a-week salary, the commission without discount would be twenty-four dollars. The Appointment Bureau and the Intercollegiate Bureau charged to my latest knowledge a week's salary for most positions, that is, on a twenty-dollar-a-week salary, twenty dollars. Neither the Appointment Bureau nor the Intercollegiate Bureau ask registration fees.

When all is said, however helpful agencies may be, with whatever accurate information they may enlighten applicants, we all too clearly see that the proof of the specific instance, ourself, lies with ourself. In our just enthusiasm for the agencies of now-a-days which help great numbers of women workers to their proper task, it is well to remember that these bureaus would not be here if some keen, resourceful women were not directing them or if some wide-minded individuals were not as a group behind them; and particularly in the case of agencies for women, if some women had not first stepped out into untried paths and found a way. The great proof of all such agency helps for the future lies in the capability and initiative of workers for the present. The crux of the matter is you.

INEZ J. GARDNER, 1904.

A FORGOTTEN PAGEANT.

How Wellesley Named Her Longfellow Fountain.

Thousands of passers-by, students and guests, have smiled back to the sparkle of a little jet of water, dancing to its own light song in a dimple of Wellesley's sylvan campus. For over thirty years this happy spray has been known as Longfellow Fountain, yet few now remember under what circumstances it acquired the name.

The founder of Wellesley College, Henry F. Durant, had an enthusiastic love for poetry. From his childhood he had been an ardent reader, and his university education, he used to say, was mainly acquired in the Harvard Library. Then his dream was to be a poet, but law studies and law practice proved too exacting, notwithstanding his vigorous protest: "Old Mrs. Themis says that I shall not visit any more at the Miss Muses. I'll see the old catamaran hanged, though, but what I will." Many of the books he gave to Wellesley as the foundation of our college library were well-read volumes of poetry from his own shelves. He would stand for an hour at a time in the English Literature alcove, rapidly taking down one book after another to find for the group of girls beside him his favorite lyrics, as the bird-song in Coleridge's "Zapolya," or the moonlight song in "Remorse," or in a darker corner, where bound periodicals were arranged in gloomy ranks, would patiently seek out in some old Blackwood's or Fortnightly an anomymous, time-forgotten ballad precious to his boyhood.

During the six years that lay between the opening of Wellesley, 1875, and Mr. Durant's death, 1881, many were the poets whom he triumphantly brought out from Boston to face, as best they might, the welcome of our redoubtable three hundred, for three hundred college girls, only a commonplace now and in numbers merely a fair-sized class, were then a very host of the Amazons. Mr. Howells, at that time editor of The Atlantic, surveyed us quizzically, and Oliver Wendell Holmes made so merry with us that he was voted an honorary member of one of the classes. I can still see the twinkle in the eyes of Joaquin Miller as, big and Western, he listened to a Greek recitation with his Plato ostentatiously held upside down—still hear the silence that fell upon the chattering dining-hall as Whittier, shy but benign, followed our stately president, Miss Howard, up to the head table.

We were just out from dinner one day in the early spring of 1878. In those heroic times the college dined at noon, all together in the capacious hall of the original building, which then stood alone in that Arcadian woodland, where every girl of the three hundred had, as Mr. Durant put it, "her own acre to whistle on." There we would stand restlessly behind our chairs until the president had entered, traversed the length of the room and ceremoniously taken her seat at the head of the farthest table. Meanwhile the two girls stationed at the great doors would have closed them a trifle summarily, but, if they were Greek students, not with a bang. Perish the thought! For our Greek professor, who could make an anecdote as telling as a sermon, had stirred us all to emulation of that fabled matron on whose tombstone was carved: "She never slammed a door."

Miss Howard once seated, we dropped into our places like a flock of hungry birds, bowed our heads for grace and then applied ourselves to the business of the hour with a zest that never failed to astonish and amuse Mr. Durant. "To think that girls should eat so much! I had always supposed these delicate creatures lived on moonbeams and honey-dew, but bless you! if Waban Mere were chicken soup, they would drink it dry in half an hour."

Possibly this was one of the days when a humble neighbor, a loving old soul full of motherly concern for Mr. Durant in his task of providing for so large and ravenous a family, had sent over three hundred and more molasses cornballs, monsters of incomparable stickiness, for our dessert. Possibly it was that very day when our new French professor, heralded for weeks before by Mr. Durant's joyous proclamation of her high and lovely qualities, her Huguenot descent, her traditions of martyrdom, her heroic type of piety, made memorable arrival. All eyes were straining eagerly toward the doorway where

beside the gracious presence of Miss Howard, appeared a tall, lithe figure, with dark, alert, laughing face. This time the impatient warders closed the doors a shade too soon and the stranger's little finger was caught and pinched. Then upon our intent stillness broke the cry, "O gosh! O gosh!" as, with all the charm of French vivacity, the smarting finger was shaken high in air. Our ideas of Huguenot austerity brightened from that moment.

But whether this or that was true of the dinner on the spring day in question, it is certain that the hour following found most of us out-of-doors, tossing bits of bread to our new "visitors from England," as Mr. Durant had announced the snow-white swans that floated "double, swan and shadow" on the blue waters of our beloved lake, or counting the colors of those gypsy crocuses with which he had sown the campus, or studying luxuriously, nestled deep in fragrant couches of pine-needles, on hilltops now covered with crowded buildings, but then still crowned with forest trees, among them oaks and pines so ancient that they may have shadowed Chief Waban and his braves.

A few of us, a society of rhymsters who wore the mystic letters O. P., were in confab on the sloping bank of the little pool where Longfellow Fountain now plays at Undine. Not torture, in those days, would have brought us to confess that these initials kept green the memory of our unhappy explanation to the Faculty that our object was "not only to write verses, but to study the works of other poets." It was only the generous protection of Mr. Durant, who had even more faith in us than we had in ourselves, that brought our naive petition safely through a derisive faculty-meeting. Then he saw to it that we made good use of our privilege. He assigned to each of us a poet for chief devotion,—Milton to one, Wordsworth to another, Mrs. Browning, Shelley, Morris. He often sent the choicest flowers of his conservatory to our meetings. He offered prizes for poems to the college at large, but would have been indignant if anyone outside our sacred band had taken them; and any small magazine success that came our way was sure to bring forth from him, first, an eloquent exhortation to beware of self-conceit, and second, some special indulgence against which a scandalized Faculty might protest in vain.

Like the rest of the college, we stood essentially in awe of Mr. Durant, whose spirit was a changing flame. He was terrible in his anger and his scorn, imperious in his decisions, irresistible in his enthusiasms, benignant in his kindness, radiant in his mirth. As a playmate he had no peer, and when, on this particular afternoon we saw the erect, slender figure coming with quick step down the other side of the grassy hollow, gladly we sprang up and went to meet him.

"It is spring, children," he called, flourishing his hat to us across the sunshiny pool, while the wind lifted the clustering white hair, long and wavy, that gave him the look, as some one said, of having "stept out of some old Colonial picture." As he drew nearer we could see that his dark eyes were dancing and his delicate face was all aglow with the rapture of that April noontide.

"It is spring," he repeated, "the divine miracle of spring has come to pass on this blessed earth again. It is spring, and we must have a poet come out to tell us so. Who shall it be? I've invited him already by telegram. Guess."

That was not difficult. Of all our neighbor bards, Longfellow was the one whom Mr. Durant most delighted to honor. The poet, a very prince of courtesy, had already borne several times with our exuberant greetings, our posies and our poesies of welcome, even our autograph albums. He had been stoutly splashed about Lake Waban in one of the clumsy boats of that primitive Wellesley epoch, a boat as safe as the Ark and nearly as heavy, under the captainship of a beautiful young teacher who was, he said, the most perfect realization of his Evangeline that he had ever seen. And if he was a bit dismayed, on landing, to find that the crews of the rest of our tub flotilla had formed themselves into a double line, up the steepest and roughest part of the hill, so that he might make the ascent to College Hall under a triumphal arch of crossed oars, he never told us so. Although his years were already numbered at three score and ten, he gallantly undertook the toilsome climb, panting a little and leaning on Mr. Durant's arm, but smiling back to the beaming faces of the girls who had

so thoughtlessly forced him to suffer their athletic homage.

So, knowing that the answer was Longfellow, we guessed Tennyson.

"That reminds me," he flashed back. "There's a member of the Faculty—no, I don't propose to let you guess who it is, though such guessers as you are would never hit it—toward whom the O. P. has a mission. She remarked to me the other day that she thought all poetry was mere foolishness, and I made her promise to read 'In Memoriam' through. And if she didn't tell me yesterday she had finished it and was shocked that an able-bodied man should spend his time, with all there is to do in the world, fretting in verse for years and years because a friend of his died; and besides, some of it sounded to her as if Tennyson were 'no better than an unbeliever.' What can we do for her?"

A laugh at the expense of any member of the Faculty had, in those by-gone days, a peculiar relish; so we enjoyed it to the full and then duteously guessed "Longfellow," acquiescing with delight in Mr. Durant's rapidly shaping plans.

"We must have a fete for him, an out-of-door festival. There must be a central feature. We might plant a row of chestnuts, name a path or a hill—no, I have it! We'll dedicate a fountain to him, and this is the very place. Don't you see it all? We need a fountain here, at this upper end. There shall be a pavilion there, an open pavilion in the college blue. We will have three thrones—oh, modest republican thrones—under the canopy. Our poet shall sit in the center, with Miss Howard on his right, and Mr. Fields—of course we must have Fields—on his left. Then the girls, all in white, shall march down from College Hall, singing songs. The songs must be original, and the music, too. The German students shall write German songs, and the French students French songs—yes, and the Greek and Latin students Greek and Latin songs—why not? And the music students shall set them all to original tunes. I'll go to the gymnasium and give word to have the march put into practice at once. And then there must be all sorts of circlings and interweavings over the campus, a perfect maze of harmonious motions, and finally the girls must be ranged, so as to make with the pavilion a complete oval, around the pond."

Mr. Durant paused for breath, but we, captivated by the picture, spurred his fancy on.

"And what then? What then?"

"What then? There must be something in the way of a ceremony. Mr. Fields—these publishers really ought to do a little work for their living—shall make an address."

"What about?"

"As if that mattered! About spring, fountains, poets—anything he likes. Oh, I have it now. There shall be a pageant—nothing theatrical, of course; just simple and natural. Fields shall wind up his oratory with the question: 'But what shall this fountain be called?' Then from a shelter of evergreen boughs that I'll have built at the farther end of the pond, over yonder, there shall spring—who but Minnehaha? Marion, you are Minnehaha, and see that you write a poem this very afternoon asking that the fountain be named for your poet Longfellow."

Marion, the acknowledged beauty of the college, gave a little gasp of joyful surprise.

"But what shall I wear?"

"H'm! Feathers, I should think. Yes, red feathers and black. You girls can sew them on to cloth, or something, can't you? I'll go into town on the 2.40 train and get them. There must be some place in Boston where they sell feathers wholesale. If there isn't, I'll buy out all the milliners. But why should we stop with Minnehaha? Let's have Mr. Fields put his question again, and Evangeline shall appear on the south side of the pond with a poem to the same effect; and then let him ask a third time, and have Priscilla pop up on the north side, just where we are standing now. Good! And when he asks it a fourth time, the fountain itself shall answer by beginning to play, and Molly must kneel before the poet, tendering him a crown of roses, and all the girls, like birds at dawn, must break out into sudden singing. Splendid! I'll be over again this evening, and mind! I expect to find you in the Browning Room with those poems ready. Clara is best for Priscilla, and you three others must decide which shall be Evangeline."

With that he was off like an arrow, and

we, in blithe forgetfulness of classroom claims, elected Jo, because of her "seeking look," to fill the role of Evangeline. Minnehaha fled by what was then hardly a grassy trail to the solitude of Tupelo Point; Priscilla sought a remote window-seat, where she remained curled up in an unapproachable ball until supper time; and Evangeline climbed high among the branches of the great meadow oak, whose pink catkins veiled her in fragrant silences.

The three poems were written by evening and, at an impromptu meeting of the O. P., were read for Mr. Durant's approval. Minnehaha, in flowing measures, rendered homage to the poet who

. . .hath sung my people's history,
Sung the beauty and the mystery
Of our golden days of yore.

Evangeline paid melodious tribute to the "master of song" who had told the story of her wanderings, and our little Priscilla, her blue eyes big with excitement and the red lights gleaming in the gold of her hair, looked straight into Mr. Durant's face as she recited, without a glance at her crumpled manuscript, the verses which may be fairly cited as a sample of the O. P. poetic quality:

I come from out the vanished years,
When the new world shyly stood to greet
The coming of the eager feet
That brought a nation's hopes and fears,
And hid in her bosom smiles and tears,
For the truth that made toil sweet.

To-day, upon the pilgrims' shore,
You ask what happy name shall be
For the sparkling fountain, pure and free,
That, leaping skyward evermore,
Murmurs its sweet song o'er and o'er,
In ceaseless melody.

A blessing on our land was laid,
A poet, grandly true and pure;
And he sang a song that shall endure,
Of the pilgrims' faith and the gentle maid
Whose simple story cannot fade,
In its listeners' hearts secure.

Strong is his life as our fountain bold;
Though shadows have swept it, one by one,
Nobly beneath them its work was done,
While deep in its heart lies a wealth of gold,
That ever new beauties will unfold
In the searching light of the sun.

So on our fountain I would lay
The highest honor it can claim,
A world-renowned, beloved name;
So shall its changing moods convey,
In falling tears or sun-kissed spray,
Our poet's living fame.

Mr. Durant, who was more easily pleased than satisfied, read all the verses through carefully, suggested a verbal or metrical improvement here or there, and then bade the authors sleep on their work, go over it again in the morning and have by chapel time fair copies made for him to take to the printer.

The day for the fete was set, and what a week ensued! Mr. Durant had duly delivered to us a plethoric bagful of small feathers, red and black, the most slippery, evasive, fly-away feathers ever worn by bird or girl. The costumes of Priscilla and Evangeline were quickly made, but half the Sophomore class had pricked fingers and pricked tempers before Minnehaha stepped forth superb in her barbaric raiment.

Molly, the president of the Junior class, and so the head of the student body—for Wellesley, then only in her third year, had as yet no Seniors—went through the corridors practising at the feet of all her friends the art of graceful kneeling; the Glee Club, beset with weird ditties, warbled early and late, and the Faculty were exasperated to the limit of Christian character. But suddenly fell a bolt from the blue. In the midst of our ecstatic labors came word from Mr. Fields that the poet had taken cold and could not leave his fireside. In deep dejection we turned to our trigonometries again and led a savorless life until, on the very eve of the appointed day Mr. Durant came dashing into College Hall with the velocity of a bombshell, waving a telegram above his head. Mr. Fields had wired that Mr. Longfellow was better and we might expect him as arranged.

The tale of the eighteen hours following should be written in exclamation points. How energy radiated from the sparkling figure that stood beneath the chandelier, the rain dripping from hair and coat!

How messengers were sent flying hither and yon after the carpenters, cooks, gardeners, as well as the rhymsters, musicians and amateur artists in general of our small community! How our rheumatic president was bundled up in waterproof and rubbers and wraps innumerable and borne away down the wet hillside, under Mr. Durant's excited umbrella, to help him select the very best spot for the pavilion! How hard it was to persuade Mr. Durant that the Greek, Latin, French and German songs on which he had set his heart must be abandoned, the brevity of the time giving the most reckless poetaster courage for nothing beyond the vernacular! How a few of us were peremptorily posted off to the attic floor to "compose," where for most of the night we sat in a wilderness of empty trunks, sympathetic or impertinent friends looking us up at intervals with relays of lamps, sharpened pencils, dictionaries and other supposed enticements for the Muse! How sleepy we were, and how well scolded, in our early chemistry class the next morning, and, which was far worse, what wry faces Mr. Durant made over our halting strains! How, as the forenoon wore on, all pretence of academic work had to be abandoned and professors vied with doormaids in running Mr. Durant's impetuous errands! And how, when the midday telegram arrived saying that Mr. Longfellow was worse again and could not venture, Mr. Durant was taken with a fit of mischief and solaced his own disappointment by making fun of ours!

But they did not go for nothing, all the zest, the spirit, the undaunted ingenuity, the instinct for beauty and grace that our founder poured into those frustrated preparations. Wellesley's first pageant was a pageant that never came off, yet to the two or three of us who remember it is more real than the most elaborate of all our campus spectacles since. And Longfellow Fountain, which faithfully began to play at the hour set, still laughs softly in the sunshine at the memory of that christening it never had.

KATHARINE LEE BATES, '80.
(In the Boston Transcript.)

WELLESLEY TO-DAY.

It is a great pleasure to greet so many loyal Wellesley hearts and see so many eyes shining with Wellesley pride. It is a pleasure also to know that I am a welcome guest. I am sure of this because the bringer of news has always been gladly greeted, ever since Abdiel hurried back as fast as his wings would take him to tell the news about Satan to the other angels. Down through the ages of literature, of the Greek drama, Dante, Shakespeare, I could show how very popular the newsbringer has been. I have a friend in the Wellesley Faculty who always greets me with "What's the news to-day?" If I haven't any she scorns me. I am quite sure that will not be your attitude, for I believe I have at least one piece of real news, one event you haven't heard anything about.

Let me begin, then, with things that meet the eye. The last picture I have is of dismantled Christian Association rooms, of the secretary to the president and her sister solemnly consulting about buying a chair. Pictures, rugs, books, chairs, were all put to sale at astonishing bargain-day prices, all disposed of. Now the doors are tightly closed, and the men are putting a new dress on floors and walls. They tell me that all the furniture is to be new. I haven't heard where the money for this rejuvenation comes from. Perhaps the association has been lucky enough to follow the example of the Astronomy Department and get for itself a faery godmother.

The moths and caterpillars are now our deadly enemies, and because they are very clever home-makers and house-builders, we have had to lose our pleasant, weather-stained board walk across the meadow. We now trudge over and through a black, cindery compound that doesn't blend with the landscape at all, that cuts our shoes, and the bottoms of our dresses into bits, and that does not in the least

NOTE. Read before the Hartford Wellesley Club on April 20, and here printed by request.

conduce to serenity of temper. The moths have built also under the eaves of the library and on the trees. There is now a band of men with poles and ladders going leisurely about the grounds, looking up at the trees. I suppose they are waging war upon these same dread moths. Doubtless the moths are in a great state of terror over the war, but to us hurried and hard-working females it seems a slow, masculine fight and with all the soldiers of the leisure class. We lost this year the splendid wide-spreading oak that stood in the orchard at the right hand of the path leading from the east lodge. The trunk was sound, but the caterpillars had sapped the life from the branches. The line of elms from the east lodge looked in a pitiful condition last summer, yet we hope vigorous work this spring may save these beautiful trees. The fighting of these pests must now cost the college a large sum annually.

The Eliot, as you perhaps all know, has been greatly enlarged by a new wing, built on the back and to the south. It is three stories in height, the first floor being devoted entirely to a large and most attractive dining-room, which seats one hundred and thirty persons. The new wing has very pleasant rooms, as pleasant as any in the college, good bathrooms, even to the luxury of shower baths. This new part is occupied by Freshmen, and the experiment has been tried of having girls who pay part of their expenses by work and those who do no work, living in the same building. There have been maids to attend to the cooking, but the students have set the tables, waited at meals, and washed the dishes; the Seniors taking the breakfast and the lower classmen the other two meals. The girls say it has been a helpful training in democracy for the Freshmen, but the experiment has been very hard on the Eliot girl herself, because much of the old home life is gone and the work is too nearly like that of a hotel. The probability is that the house will become a Freshmen home entirely next year. Those of us who have known and loved the Eliot and the earnest Eliot student will regret this very much, but the pressure for better living conditions for the Freshmen is increasingly strong. This would, of course, greatly aid in centralizing the Freshmen, bringing about half the class into the Noanett and Eliot.

The library is a daily pleasure to eye and mind and body. The quiet gray-brown of the interior walls is always restful, and the eye loves to dwell upon it. The tables and chairs are comfortable, the lighting is excellent, and the books readily accessible. It has greatly simplified our problem, and I am sure has steadily made for better work. The old library in College Hall is, in its turn, almost as valuable an aid toward good work and quiet in the house as a whole. It has been turned into a study hall, and there is rarely an empty chair in the morning. An attendant is in charge, certain reference books—duplicates of those in the library—are on the shelves for consultation, and the newspaper rack has been placed there. This has lessened materially the number of students who must sit on window-seats and on benches to work during their vacant periods. I trust it has also decreased the number who take possession of friends' rooms at any and all hours.

The distance of the gymnasium from the main building is one of the things we sigh over and accept, as we do taxes and the weather, dreaming often of an underground tunnel or an over-ground bridge between the two nearest points. But the work of the gymnasium is excellent, and is already beginning to count in the general health standards of the college.

I hardly realize what a change has come in the living conditions of the faculty, until I pause to remember that when I went to the village to live twelve years ago, I was almost alone in preferring village to dormitory life. Now there are about eighty-five members of the faculty who live in the village, and walk back and forth each day to College Hall. But stranger than this is the house-building fever that has attacked the teaching body of the college, and faculty houses now grow up so rapidly, that we have ceased to talk about it for nine days together when another professor appears with house plans, and demands our admiration of her convenient pantry or her ingenious under-the-stairs closet, or her many bathrooms. Miss Bates is across the railroad, and Miss Orvis is soon to build not far from her. Miss Sherwood is on the hill hear Dover street, and just a few rods from her the soil is now being turned for the foundation

of Miss Scudder's large, fine house. Not far away on Leighton road—the new street through the Rollins property—stands Mrs. MaGee's pretty house, which she and Miss Kelly have built together. Across the street Miss Thompson's new house is now receiving a coat of plaster. On the lot adjoining hers Miss Brooks and Mrs. Hodder expect next year to have the excitement of building, and the last to announce her intentions is Miss Locke of the Bible Department. She says she is going to have a slice of the golf links. So you see we are getting to be a faculty of home-makers.

I wish I could describe to you the joys of the completed Students' Building, but I should be compelled to do it only in my mind's eye. The fund grows slowly, however, and some day the doors will open and a great audience hall will become a fact and not a dream. Then the good-natured fights for a place in the Barn, the sitting on the floor and breathing thick, mephitic air during the play, will be things of the past. The chairman of the committee, Miss Swope, authorizes me to say:

"This year has been marked by interest in our cause, not only on the part of girls in college, but also on the part of people who have no connection with Wellesley. Our newest scheme, that of raising a mile-of-pennies, is attracting a great deal of attention, and is, perhaps, the best advertisement we have ever tried. The greatest difficulty in raising money lies in the fact that we have no organization, no regular plan for begging definite amounts of money at regular intervals. Many alumnæ do not know that we are trying to raise money for the Students' Building. As soon as our Alumnæ Council is a working organization, such as the Alumni Council of Princeton, we hope to have little difficulty in raising the amount we wish. The girls in college are doing all they can, but are necessarily limited in amount of time and field of activity.

From the fair in November,	$1,200.00
Wellesley Club play, in New York,	400.00
New York Wellesley Club play, at the Barn,	87.00
Delta Upsilon Play, at the Barn,	107.00
Boston Wellesley Club play, at the Barn,	240.00
Amount carried forward,	$2,034.00
Amount brought forward,	$2,034.00
Gifts from three girls,	300.00
Gift from a father,	1,000.00
Auction of unclaimed jewelry, etc.	35.00
Miscellaneous gifts from campus houses, about,	60.00
From October 1 to April 1,	$3,429.00

The fund is now over $26,000 in all.

And now what are we doing in the social life of the college? There I am loath to begin, because I am so in the habit of assuming the defensive that I here and now beg your pardon if that tone should be apparent in what I have to say. Not that there is anything I ought to defend, but I have happened to be a member of that much-maligned, very hard-working Committee on Non-Academic Interests, and I have grown in the habit of meeting girls with, "Yes, I see that what you want is very good, but—" and here begins the defence. This more sinned against than sinning committee was formed three years ago by the Academic Council, and given the task of supervising the non-academic life. It consists of twelve members and includes the President of the college, the Registrar, and the resident physician. The first year it spent in observation, studying the situation in Wellesley and in other colleges. We found that the social and religious life had become far too complex, too fully organized in time and number of meetings, too many sub-committees, too many girls giving a large part of their energy to this side of life. The girls had sought so to distribute meetings, plays, clubs, that every girl who wished could attend every one of them. In other words, that the non-academic threatened to overshadow the academic. The academic was in peril of being relegated—to use President Wilson's phrase—to a side show, while the non-academic took full possession of the main tent. Not that we fail to recognize the value of the non-academic for every girl; indeed, there is each year a group of girls whom we should be glad to put on committees and otherwise to lure into the social activities, but what we sought to realize first, and then to begin trying to establish, was the proper proportion between these two complementary sides of our life. The second year we spent in consulting and advising with a large, representative body of students appointed

by the Student Government Association. This student committee consisted of seventeen members, appointed according to their classes as follows: five Seniors, six Juniors, three Sophomores and three Freshmen. We formed, then, a deliberative body of twenty-nine. And I am fully convinced that what we accomplished in the many evenings we spent together is already showing good results for the college as a whole. I can only sketch briefly the large amount of work done toward systematizing and co-ordinating the non-academic activities. The Christian Association has been simplified in number of meetings, of committees and of work alloted to each girl. The Freshman class no longer gives a play. The number of rehearsals for glee and mandolin clubs is about one-half the former number. The dramatic events, which were seventeen in all, a larger number than in any other woman's college, have been cut down to eight, and distributed by the Student Schedule Committee among the terms as follows:

FOR 1911-1912.

FALL TERM.	Major event, Junior play.
	Minor event, Phi Sigma Masque.
WINTER TERM.	Major event, Sophomore play.
	Minor event, Barnswallow play.
SPRING TERM.	Major events, Senior play.
	Alpha Kappa Chi play.
	Shakespeare play.
	Minor event, Barnswallows.

In this arrangement only three societies give a public performance during any one year.

There has been not only limitation, but organization, and this is along two lines: (A) that of determining how many organizations a girl may belong to, and (B) on what evenings these organizations may meet. The plan as completed is as follows:

(A) Membership in student organizations.
  (1) Any student may belong to the following five organizations:
    (a) The Student Government Association.
    (b) The Christian Association.
    (c) The Athletic Association.
    (d) The Barnswallows.
    (e) Class Organizations.
  (2) Any member may support passively, i. e. by mere membership without work or preparation the following six organizations:
    (a) Philosophy Club.
    (b) Education Club.
    (c) Social Study Circle.
    (d) Consumers' League.
    (e) College Settlements' Association.
    (f) Equal Suffrage League.
  (3) Any student may belong to one of the following organizations:
    (a) Spanish Club.
    (b) Deutscher Verein.
    (c) Alliance Francaise.
    (d) Magazine Club.
    (e) Scribblers' Club.
    (f) Debating Club.

(B) Plan for the evenings of the week:
  (1) Monday: the meetings of State Clubs, Music Department, Elocution Department; Department Clubs: Philosophy Club, Deutscher Verein, Alliance Francaise, Education Club, Social Circle, Debating Club, Spanish Club, Scribblers' Club, Magazine Club; Consumers' League; College Settlements Association; Equal Suffrage League.
  (2) Wednesday: the prayer-meeting of the Christian Association; after which class meetings as called, and the social meetings of the Societies.
  (3) Friday: Choir practice and the practice of the musical clubs, the Orchestra, the Glee and Mandolin Clubs.
  (4) Saturday: Meetings of the Societies. Barnswallow Entertainments.

Of course, from many of the student body we had Anathema, Maranatha, but as I came down the hall one day last week I met the President of Barnswallows. In the course of the conversation she said, "Don't regret any work done on that committee. We are more indebted to that committee than I could tell you, and we are all beginning to see it." The president of one of the societies—formerly one of our greatest opponents—recently said, "Yes, the committee is right, we have had all we ought to do as it is." So we are gradually winning public approval, and meanwhile the wheels move more smoothly. The students are themselves this year at work upon a revision of our Point System

which shall make it more inclusive and more flexible.

There is a good deal of discussion among the responsible upper class girls about the advisability of limiting the registration privileges of Freshmen, a feeling that these young children have too much freedom in the matter of leaving Wellesley; they are so young, and many are for the first time in their lives their own masters. Add to this the fact that they live in the village, away from the strongest influence of college spirit and ideals, and the move to grant them less freedom seems wise. No action has as yet been taken, but I believe it will come before a great while, and the fact that it originates with the students themselves shows the sense of responsibility student government engenders in girls.

We have apparently solved the vexing question of how to get news to the papers, and how to have the truth spoken regarding what we do in college. Last year and the year before, we were the target for the guns of certain papers, copied, of course, by hundreds of others from Maine to California. They protested that they were not fairly treated, were not given news in full or promptly. The students, outraged at misrepresentation, tried last spring to form a news board, something on the plan of the one at Smith. It was to be composed of students, with a faculty chairman, and all items of news were to be censored. They found the plan, as they tried to put it in practice, so complex and unwieldy that they gave it up, and themselves asked the President to appoint some member of the faculty to have charge of all news sent out from the college. The objection on the part of some girls was that this deprived several students each year of the practice of reporting and of the money returns from such work, but the majority believed that this gain must be sacrificed for the good of the college in its relation to the public. Miss Sara Woodward has had the position of reporter this year, and has proved most efficient. With the exception of the excitement at the time of the Lowell strike, we have had no sensational stories about us in the newspapers, and the relief has been great. There was a period last year when we dreaded to open the morning paper for fear some absurd folly of Wellesley students or faculty would stare us in the face.

And lastly, what are we doing for the intellectual life? I believe there has been a gradual deepening and strengthening of the intellectual work during the past five years. Better papers are being written, better class work prepared, and more interest is taken in subjects studied. I don't think that there is yet in the Wellesley girl in general a burning desire for learning, but we are on the way. Possibly Mr. Johnson would yet define us as an endowed institution for the prevention of learning, but I think there is more respect for knowledge and for the real student than there was five years ago. Our Probation System has done much toward stimulating the idle; our Honor System much toward spurring on the good worker.

We have made the entrance requirements more flexible, although this does not go into effect until 1914. This year, before the mid-year examination period, came the great change of giving the marks to all students immediately after the examination. So far as I have been able to observe, this has been welcomed by the students, and has acted in a stimulating way. As one girl observed, "Now I'll have to work harder, as I dare not send my card home with only C on it. Credit looked large, but C looks pitifully small."

The last is the greatest change. This is my surprise: we shall next year go to a five-and-a-half day schedule; that is, we shall have recitations all day Monday and none on Saturday afternoon. You can imagine this has not been accomplished without much discussion. The chief reasons for this placing of recitations on Monday are: (1) Large numbers of students go away over Sunday and come back late Monday evening or early Tuesday morning; this has been a constant distraction to the students going, and to those remaining. (2) The advantages which will accrue to the schedule—and these will be very great—chiefly to the sciences, which now will have three consecutive appointments for their work, thus avoiding the necessity of getting material ready three times. In this change we are, of course, but following the practice of all universities and of most colleges. How the students will accept it and how it will work, remains to be seen. Miss Gamble says,

"The millenium is coming, but before it comes we shall have wars and rumors of wars."

I need not speak to you of our new President and our trust in her, because to you as to us she is not new. We together have for years tested her wise rule and her steady government. You all know our hope in the formation of the Graduate Council, our confidence that it will bind together in much firmer union all Wellesley alumnæ, and that such a union will strengthen the hands of President Pendleton and of those of us who at Wellesley have the pleasure and the honor of helping her to guide the course of the college, helping to keep the standards high and the life inspiring.

LAURA E. LOCKWOOD.

A SHEAF OF COLLEGE PRAYERS.

AS GIVEN BY THE LATE PROFESSOR ANNE EUGENIA MORGAN
And Compiled by the Committee on the Anne Eugenia Morgan Memorial.

Morning Chapel, October 9, 1888.

Hymn 505: "Come, Ye Disconsolate."

Scripture: John 11: 1-44; 1 Cor. 15: 50-58.

Prayer: O God, Thou Lord of all Life and of all courage. We bless Thee that Thou art come to save us from death and from the fear of death. We bless Thee that Thou hast not withheld Thy Life from coming to the desolation into which we had fallen hopeless, corruptible, dismayed. Thou hast not withheld Thine infinite heart from sharing our grief. We bless Thee for Thy tears and for Thy victory over sorrows. We pray Thee to redeem our lives to-day. By Thy obedience unto death, by the fellowship of Thy sufferings, rule out our cowardice and our sin. Lift us up that Thy courage may become our courage. Let the glory of Thy victory fill our hearts, so that we may forget our own failures,—that Thy resurrection may become our resurrection. We bless Thee that Thou art willing to forget our sins,—that Thou art so ready to rejoice with us when we manifest Thy life,—that Thou art so generous in assuring us that our labor is not in vain,—that Thou dost acknowledge our finite efforts as real help towards perfecting Thy infinite Kingdom. We seek Thy strength that we may be steadfast in the service which Thou hast prepared for us to-day. May we offer to each other the comfort and daily bread which we receive from Thy hand to-day. May we offer to each other the conception of Thy Kingdom which Thou dost beget in us to-day. May our doing good manifest Thy love to-day. May Thy patriotism redeem our narrowness. Hold us wise and watchful in the places in which Thou hast set us. With Thee, in the words which Thou hast taught us, we pray: "Our Father which art in heaven," etc.

Morning Chapel, December 12, 1888.

Hymn 250: "Beyond, Beyond the Boundless Sea."

Scripture: 2 Kings, 5: 1-14, John 13: 1-17.

Prayer: O God, Thou Father of our Lord Jesus Christ and our Father, we seek in Thee our true life this morning. Open our eyes that we may see Thee in the grace which Thou art seeking to reveal to us to-day, and that we may honor Thee by our faith. O Thou Father of all tenderness and of all compassion, we are encouraged in remembering that Thou knowest our weakness, our littleness and unworthiness far more deeply than we know it. Thou art grieved by our sinning with infinite regret, but Thou art not discouraged. Thou art from eternity infinitely true to Thy Kingdom and our kingdom. We are the ones who have wasted this infinitely precious kingdom of heaven, and Thou hast not withheld Thy heart from sharing our death, that Thou mightest redeem us. For us sinners Thou wert willing to die. O our Saviour, forbid that Thy sacrifice should be in vain for any one of us to-day.

We will offer our lives to Thee that Thou mayest cleanse us. We will accept the birthright of service and of joy which Thou dost restore to us. O our Eternal God, by Thy Spirit renew and uphold us that we may live Thy life, and Thou mayest work in us Thy justifying righteousness. O Thou the Way, the Truth, the Light of our aspiration, lead us to pray in the words which Thou hast given us: "Our Father which art in heaven."

Evening Chapel, September 29, 1889.

Hymn 534: "Holy Ghost with Light."
Hymn 201: "Now the Day is Over."

Scripture: Luke 3: 15-22, and Luke 4: 1-22.

Prayer: We bless Thee, Thou King of Heaven, that we may see Thee in Thy glory above all the kingdoms of man's world. We will worship Thee, our Lord, our God, that Thou mayest fulfil Thy love in us and through us. Thy almighty life is the only strength that is strong enough against our impatient hunger. We worship Thee that Thou mayest make us willing to await the relief that Thou wilt send us by the angels who fulfil Thy word. May we not bruise our needs against the stones of Thy outer creation, impatient that our time is not Thy time. Make us to see and remember Thy unhurried promptness,—how Thou hast satisfied every soul that has waited upon Thee,—how Thou hast continually renewed the strength of man, redeeming him from the fears and the faintness of his wandering apart from Thee. O our God, we worship Thee that Thou art with us in Thy Christ, teaching us how we may triumph over all temptation. O Jesus, we bless Thee that Thou wilt walk with us to-day, ready to help us in every conflict with the tempter by whom Thou also wast tempted. Our only hope against sin is in Thy obedience unto death, and Thy triumph over death. In Thy Life may we see the glory of our Father's Kingdom, dimming the attractions of the kingdoms of this world. In the commission which Thou dost offer us may we see that our King needs our service. Dear Jesus, we will follow Thy going about doing good, that we may answer the disheartening insinuations of our adversary. O Thou Perfect Son, in whom our Father is well pleased, we bless Thee that Thou dost reveal to us His longing to have us, each one in his own place in His perfect home. It is by Thy leading that we rest in peace and life to-night. We give our restless hearts into Thy almighty Peace, for Thy dear Name's sake, in the prayer in which Thou dost continually lead us: "Our Father which art in heaven."

Morning Chapel, April 10, 1890.

Hymn 510: "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night."

Scripture: 2 Kings, 2: 1-15, The Chariot of Fire; Malachi 4: 3-6, The prophecy that Elias shall herald the Christ; Mark 9: 2-13, The Transfiguration of Christ attended by Moses and Elias.

Prayer: We turn our hearts to Thee, O God our Father; from Thee we receive our life. We claim also Thy Spirit of Holiness, that we may live not to please ourselves, but to satisfy Thy Love. We claim to-day our birthright in Thy Kingdom. O Thou King of all strength and courage, uphold us in Thy everlasting fellowship, that Thy righteousness may rescue us from our sins. O Christ, we bless Thee that Thou art come into our temptations, into our hunger, into our desire for the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them, into our indolence that longs to depend upon Thy angels, instead of doing that which Thou givest us to do, and enduring that which Thou appointest us to endure. We adore Thee that Thou wilt not pauperize our lives by the riches of Thy grace, that Thou dost so firmly require of us to work out our own salvation. O God our Saviour, by Thy fellowship we will exert ourselves against our temptations to-day. With fear and trembling we can work out our own salvation since Thou workest in us Thy good pleasure. O Thou Light of the World, awaken us this morning that in Thy Life transfiguring all the Word of God, we may see Thee fulfilling the law and the prophets in Thy daily ministry of love. May we follow Thy going about doing good in our human ways to-day. May no service which Thou hast designed for us seem too slight for our attention, nor may we judge any too great for our strength. May no affairs of this earthly life prevent our following Thy herald to see the entrance to Thy Heaven, and to inherit the power to work Thy work. So teach us to pray in Thy own perfect words: "Our Father which art in heaven."

Morning Chapel, March 24, 1891.

Hymn 552: "Teach Me to do the Thing That Pleaseth Thee."

Scripture: Jonah 3:5; 4:11; Psalm 90: 1-17.

Prayer: O God, Thou knowest that we cannot enter into this day unto which Thou hast brought us, except we receive Thy Spirit of Life to quicken Thy image in us, and to arouse our doing good. In our filial service, O Our Father, we must find our home in Thee, because only Thou dost understand us. In Thy compassion with our infirmities, in Thy firm requiring us to do our best, by keeping Thy commandments, in Thy great thoughts, and in Thy patient working out the expression of Thy righteousness, may we take refuge, O our Father. From our far wandering in ignoble sinning, from our deathly hunger, and from the husks that the swine eat, O Christ of God, we pray Thee to rescue us. We bless Thee that Thou art willing to seek us in our fallen state, that Thou dost not withhold Thy sensitive heart from suffering with us in our disgrace. As Thou art come near to our helpless failing, we will take hold upon Thy strong life, that Thou mayest lift us up, and hold us in Thy safety. Bring us into Thy heart that with Thee we may know the love of Thy Father and our Father. O our Saviour, lead us now with united heart and voice to pray in the words which Thou dost teach us: "Our Father which art in heaven."

IN MEMORIAM—MARY ADAMS CURRIER.

Address of Miss Louise Manning Hodgkins at Houghton Memorial Chapel, May Fourteen, Nineteen Hundred and Twelve.

There is an old gray farmhouse up in the hills of Deerfield, New Hampshire, and it was the cradle home of our beloved Professor Currier, in whose memory we hold to-day these services. Roses climb over the porch whose outlook is the upland pastures; behind are the meadow lands bordered by a fringe of woodland; behind all rises old Monadnock, keeping sentinel guard over many another old homestead of the Granite State.

It was here I lingered a decade ago, a happy guest. The first afternoon had been spent in seeing the haunts of our friend's childhood. As the dark and cool of evening came on we were sitting by the open fire and, as the logs fell apart in smouldering ruins, almost any picture of the past or future could be seen in the deep fireplace. Suddenly our friend asked: "Did I ever tell you how I became a teacher?"

"No," I replied, "tell me now," and in so fitting a setting the story was told.

Like other children of the countryside, Miss Currier had been through the district school of the township. Always interested in her studies, she had, as she laughingly said, "even studied algebra." Her schoolmates were scattering, some of them going to the neighboring cities of Nashua and Manchester to find employment of various sorts. It was the middle of the last century, when the range of occupations for women were neither varied nor particularly ennobling, but this energetic young lady of sixteen had made what she considered a fine plan, that only waited her father's approval. It was to go to the city, obtain work and earn so much money as would enable her to help the other children, for she was the second of a good-sized family, to take their places in life. She laid the project before her father, to note that he was not especially impressed by what an unknown girl of sixteen from the country could achieve, and somehow she didn't feel so tall when she had finished, yet he only said, "Well, Mary, we will think about it." A day or two after she was led into the keeping-room, the very room where we sat together, to hear him say: "I've been thinking out what seems best for you. You must go to school a while longer. I think I can send you to the New London Academy this fall and I want you to go, purposing to stay till you are graduated. It will mean self-denial and no fine clothes; it will mean partially helping yourself; but you are well and strong and I think you can do it."

So to New London, now Colby Academy, she went, and by aid of intervals of teaching was graduated there in the late fifties. The old academies of those days took the place of the college for girls in our time. The curriculum included about the same subjects, but fewer of them, and between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two, possibly one may get about as much out of "Watts on the Mind" as the new modern psychology. Then there was ampler time for reflection. Recreations consisted largely of hunting for wild flowers in the summer and coasting or skating in winter, and probably as much vigor resulted from these simple sports as, for instance, going now to hear "Madame Butterfly." At all events, Mary Currier learned to think and came out of the old-fashioned academy with a mind that was a good tool for future use.

There had been another child of Deerfield who has become Superintendent of the public schools of Boston, the well-known John D. Philbrick, who had kept a wise eye on his ambitious young townswoman, and he soon invited her to Boston, where for five years she was a teacher in the old Bigelow School. It was there that her interest in the culture of the voice began, the branch of education that was eventually to become her life-work. Her enthusiastic zeal as a teacher told on her health, and a rest-year was passed much in the West. At St. Louis she met Anna Brackett, the pioneer in Normal School education, and Dr. W. T. Harris, then Superintendent of the public schools of St. Louis, and afterwards for many years our United States Commissioner of Education. Both of these noted educators saw in Miss Currier a fellow-soul and she was offered the highly remunerative position of teacher of voice culture for the schools of St. Louis. But she had learned her lesson of the necessity of good preparation and it was easier this time to decide. She answered, "I have not learned half Professor Monroe (her Boston teacher) knows, and I must go back and study." Soon her reputation became wide and the Salem Normal School, the Boston Latin School and other well established institutions were calling her. Added to her teaching, that was of necessity continual, she resumed her work with Professor Monroe. Dr. William Fairfield Warren of Boston University, from its foundation a trustee of Wellesley College, writes:

"In the year 1873 Boston University organized an entire Faculty for the teaching of expression, vocal and other. Its main purpose was to train for the colleges and universities of the country a distinctly higher grade of professors in this field than were then known. Included in this Faculty of nine were the incomparable Lewis B. Monroe, Henry N. Hudson, the Shakespearean scholar, A. Graham Bell, later inventor of the telephone, and others of like quality. Among the early graduates were Mr. Emerson, founder of the Emerson College of Oratory, Dr. S. S. Curry, founder and still active head of the Boston School of Expression, Mr. Sargent, founder of the New York School of Dramatic Art, and others. Unfortunately only six classes were graduated; for on the death of Dean Monroe in the summer of 1879, the Trustees vainly sought the country over for a successor capable of maintaining the ideals set, and so at length reluctantly voted to merge the further work in expression in that of the general Graduate School of Arts and Sciences.

"Now among the very earliest to enroll in this first University School of Oratory ever organized, was Mary Adams Currier, and here she encountered men in whose eyes all things visible in the heavens above and in the earth beneath are products of Personal Expression, effects of an Infinite Personality in whom all causation has its never failing ground. Thenceforward, if not before, her vocation had in her eyes a loftiness and sanctity warranting the offering up to it of whatever God should give to her of life. Circumstances forbade continuous attendance in the school, but in its closing year she completed the three-year course, and was graduated in the final class of twelve. Her diploma represented six years of aspiration and faithful application, and she had the unique distinction of membership in the first entering class, and in the final graduating class in the first school of its kind in America."

She was ever illustrating that wise adage, "Seek not thy place in life; thy place in life is ever seeking thee." When Wellesley College in 1875 sought a teacher for her Department of Vocal Culture, there was not in sight any woman so abundantly prepared as Miss Currier. To Wellesley she

gave over a quarter century's service and how generously she labored! It was not merely the required task, but out of a large nature, much "royal bounty." She would pass, perhaps, a recitation room door to note that the instructor was uselessly tiring herself by a false use of her voice. "O won't you let me tell you how to manage your voice without fatigue?" she would kindly say, and there would follow perhaps a half-dozen free lessons, while her tireless efforts for her regular pupils knew no stint of time or endeavor. In the years after, when by reason of increasing age she left Wellesley, she was always closely connected with the college by her devotion to the Monroe Fund for the endowment of the chair she had left and which on account of her unwearied effort was fittingly renamed years ago by the trustees the Currier Monroe Fund.

Whatever might give her new and temporary interest, always she was busy on her "Fund," and about half the amount needed was raised before she was called away. Her reach had exceeded her grasp, as is true of all great endeavor, and it is left to those who loved her—a sacred trust to complete for her sake this great service to Wellesley College.

But other matters absorbed her. We would often hear of her in the South, training the young men and women of her Church-schools on their Commencement or prize orations, or journeying through her own state in quest of young women of the district schools who were worthy of more education. That is a pretty story too. As a loyal member of the Daughters of New Hampshire, she persuaded them to lay aside a portion of their funds for the "little daughters" that were growing up in their native state with only half a chance. One of her "boys" of the earlier days of her teaching, had become superintendent of the railroad that passed precisely through the villages of the state she wished to visit. From him she secured a pass, most gladly given, and for two or three summers she went up and down New Hampshire seeking likely girls who were where she was, fifty years before. Girl after girl she discovered, eager for opportunity, and sent them to academies, normal schools and in one or two cases to college. How proud she was of her first graduate at Simmons! There are those in this presence who were called on for gowns and coats, not past wear, that these simply clad girls of the farm might not be embarrassed among their mates, by appearing at town-schools in unsuitable raiment. Her Dorcas-like wardrobe was ever in waiting for her girls, whom she loved as daughters.

Her last plea for the Fund was made at the recent meeting at Wellesley of the Alumnæ Council. After that, with a prescience of the coming end, she wrote, "I shall not live to finish it, but some one will." Let us not disappoint her prophecy.

It is a simple, noble life that has been so briefly reviewed, and it took all its color from that early, wise decision at sixteen. God gave to Miss Currier, "by reason of strength," nearly fourscore years and the last decade was not "labor and sorrow," but labor and joy. She had what Shakespeare tells us old age should have, "Love, honor, obedience, troops of friends."

I went one day to St. Mary's Church in Oxford, to a Bidding Prayer service. On Bidding Prayer Day, the names of those who have signally blessed that old foundation are read and thanks are rendered for their earthly lives. It is an hour for us to recall those who have blessed the college and to consecrate to their memories a moment of thanksgiving. First, we will think of all that early board of trustees, only two of whom survive, and one is with us to-day; then that honored Board of Visitors, one of whom became such a benefactor; within the college, always is first in mind Henry F. Durant, our founder; three of our presidents, Ada L. Howard, Alice E. Freeman, Helen A. Shafer; and many an early professor, Miss Morgan, Miss Hallowell, Miss Wenckebach, and to-day we add the endeared name of Mary Adams Currier. In whatever sphere that great and generous soul now ranges, we will say with one heart and voice "God bless her."

Fayre Houres, Wilbraham, Mass.

THE ARMS.

SITTING in the garden one summer afternoon not long before Jaspar's death, Mary had felt more strongly than ever the full beauty and peace of his presence. Below the garden wall the water was a sliding, golden lane, the smooth lawn brightened in the sunshine, and even under the poplars the light flickered in quaint patterns over Jaspar's white-clad figure. As she looked at him, the familiar glow in his eyes and the beloved, delicate smile on his lips seemed a part of the sun-warmed world. Even his hands, folded loosely on his knees, lay in lines of calm and steady strength.

"Jaspar," she had cried, with a sudden break in her voice. Always afterward she remembered his look as he turned with swift response. The noble lift of the silvered head, the glad directness of the gaze, the happy invitation of his answering smile, all typified to her, in after time, what he had been. "Jaspar," she had said, a wave of love and loneliness sweeping her out of her customary reserve, "Jaspar, how are you so? Can not you tell me? Why are you always strong, happy, full of peace, when the rest of us are fretting with care? Were you never afraid? Tell me the secret that I, too, may be strong in myself and not grow weary."

Jaspar had understood, as when had he not? The smile in his eyes had deepened as he looked thoughtfully away to the distant hills, and quite slowly he had begun to speak. The noise of the falling water and the ripple of breeze in the leaves had mingled with the steady low voice, and over all flooded the sunshine. Mary could never quite disentangle them, and when afterward she tried for her own comfort to write what she could of it, they often stopped her with the closeness of their interweaving. He was happy, he had begun, because of the arms. He had smiled tenderly at her wide-eyed surprise; of course she did not understand. Then very simply he had started at the beginning and helped her to comprehend.

Far away, on the very threshold of life, he had been given a beautiful gift, a gift that might almost be called a vision. For one brief space of time his slumbering baby senses had been rendered mysteriously receptive so that he had received with the distinctness and apartness of a vision, an impression of what was about him. He lay in arms that seemed very large and a face that bent over him was far away. In the twilight that young, brooding face with its dusky hair was half in shadow, but he could see the passion of tenderness in the eyes. And most of all he had the sense of arms beneath him; their safety and strength, and the warmth and gentleness that they poured into his baby body. Wrapped in the supporting love of them he lay quite still, and even when darkness shut away the face he was content, needing only the comfort of the arms. Afterward, when he was grown, people often told him how he would fret if they left him alone in his little bed; but how even in his baby fevers he would be still and smile faintly if they took him up. In his mother's arms he seemed actually to gain new strength, and would kick and wave his hands no matter how listless he had been before.

Those mother-arms were the citadel from which, as he grew to boyhood, he looked out at the world. They were his natural refuge; warm, and fragrant, and very safe. He never was afraid. Mary had heard how strangers used to wonder at the lad's fearlessness. It had come down almost as a family tradition; her mother had often told of the handsome child who stood so straight and unembarrassed, and looked utter strangers in the face with a friendly, little-boy's smile.

He remembered most distinctly the first day that he went to school. He played, after the lessons were done, with some other boys; they punched and pommelled each other till he was quite wild with excitement and danced frenziedly all the way home. He shouted noisily in the hall for his mother and pounded up the stairs to find her. She was sitting in their low rocking chair by the fire; in the twilight he could just see her welcoming smile. As he looked at her all the feverish excitement dropped away from him and he ran into her arms as simply as he had ever done. Within them, with his head resting surely in the curve of her shoulder, the experiences of the day grew ordered and steady. Only natural and in the course of things it seemed, as they rocked rythmically back and forth in the firelight, that a boy should

go to school and learn to love many little children; the world was just and right.

She was very wise, this frail, young mother, and when she knew that before very long she must leave her little boy, she began to take walks with him into the country. It was in the late summer that they began these wanderings, and soon the child became familiar with the open spaces which at first awed him. Daily the mother walked more slowly till at last, one bright morning, she sat down in a field to rest. It was a ruddy, October day with the apples fragrant in the sunshine, and the stubble of the fields smelling warm and wholesome. For a time the boy played about, leaping the wall and racing with the wind, then, breathless, he threw himself down on the ground. The sunshine sank into his body hotly, beneath him the earth was strong and steady. With a surge of delight he realized that quietly, surely, it was upbearing him. He dug toes and fingers into the cropped grass and pressed close to the ground, joying in feeling, against his body, the warmth and firmness of it. "Mother," he sprang up with a glad shout and ran to her, "mother, it—it held me, the earth did." It was not until long afterward that he comprehended the flash of delight that lit her pale face; or guess that it was for this that she had brought him there. From this time forth he would every day throw himself passionately upon the ground, and every day it was with a fresh delight that he felt the broad, sure support uphold him.

When the winter came and snow covered the fields, she used often to stand in a western window while he, with her arm about his shoulders, silently followed her gaze. It was across the river that she looked, where, beyond the snowy plain, cold colors filled the sky. Green, and gold, and crimson, he liked their brightness and sometimes clapped his hands when a wandering cloud caught the light and burned gaily. But after a time he began to have a new delight in them, in the broadness of their sweep, their strong, steady bands, the peace with which his eyes could rest on them. So big and clean they were, so free from pettinesses, that they steadied and calmed him. He could fancy, with his forehead pressed close against the cold glass of the window, that he was far away, borne up by their even strength.

Somehow, with a mother's courage, she clung to her slender thread of life till the winter was passed; and it was when the spring fields were at their loveliest that she died. Jaspar was very lonely then; he yearned for her low voice and the fragrance of her hair, but most of all he longed for the refuge of her arms. So he fled often to the fields and there, lying close against the earth, he could almost believe that those arms were beneath him again. There, little by little, his distraction was calmed; held so strongly the world grew ordered again; he began with slow steadiness to see things whole once more, and even her death, after a time, as a part of the scheme of things. As he grew older and life became more complex he went less often to the fields; he had less time to go. But whenever there came a problem that he could not solve, he went to them, finding there a clearer and a saner power of judgment.

He found, however, the sense of the arms in other things, so that as much as ever they were a part of his daily life. The first experience came when he returned one night from school, deeply troubled by the wrong doing of a comrade. He had hardly met wrong before, and this first contact with it was very bitter. As his custom was he went for a talk with his father before going to bed; and his father's questioning gaze drew from him the whole story. Stumbling, hurrying, misjudging, he made but a jumble of the tale. The father commented now and then or questioned, but rarely; yet slowly the boy began to realize that his story was growing connected. Result followed cause; he began to understand; out of chaos was coming order. He stood straighter; the world was growing right again. After he went to bed that night, and for days afterward, he puzzled over it; the strange familiarity of the relief that came as he began to comprehend. A few months later, when he went to the university to work, he encountered the same thing. He had been much alone, and had always missed in himself the easy ability to talk which he found in others. At the university he met a man a few years older than he, whom he admired intensely; and suddenly one night, as they sat smoking in his room, he realized

that he was talking to this man, and talking well. He was voicing his ideas as simply and clearly as they came to him, easily and with a pleasant sequence. The other man, his feet on the fender, only nodded occasionally or answered by a quick glance, but Jaspar felt that with such an audience he could talk always thus well.

A sense of safety, of surety, of clarity of judgment, all these the man gave him. When had he felt them before? He smiled; when had he not felt them, in arms that sheltered and upbore? The other man's mind, his father's—he reviewed the past—yes, the professor's who had examined him, the grey-eyed Latin teacher's at his old school; each had given him that same feeling of security and power. "The Arms of the Mind;" a quaint phrase, yet that was what they were to him, and that, with an ever-growing reality, they continued to be.

Later he experienced it in another form. He was tempted, strongly tempted to do a thing which, though he could reason it to be right, he felt to be wrong. Had he done it he would have repented bitterly; when the temptation was past he knew that. At the time, however, it seemed a logical procedure, and he would have done it save for the many minds. The strength of them, all holding together as he felt they did, against such a course, prevented him. An individual remonstrance would not in this case have been sufficiently strong, but the minds of the many had power to restrain him. So vivid was the feeling in him that he could almost see them as a network of interlacing arms below which he could not fall.

Jaspar had broken off there with a thoughtful smile. His eyes grew dreamy and Mary knew that he was looking backward over the long years. After a time he had picked up the tale, slowly. That was the beginning and, in a way, the whole, the rest being but a growth from it. Thus it was that in his very boyhood the sense of supporting arms had become a part of him; all through his life it had grown stronger, looking out at him ever from kindly faces and steady eyes. He had gone on his way bravely, strong in the knowledge that he could not fall.

And then, he hesitated when he came to that, choosing his words carefully. He began to realize that the thing which upheld him did not belong to the broad earth, nor to brave voices, nor to gallant eyes. It was in them, but beyond them, too, and bigger than they. It was a great Power which filled the world and was everywhere; he did not understand it, but it held him safe.

Instinctively Mary had glanced down across the terraces to where, beyond the trees, the village chapel gleamed white in the sunshine; and Jaspar had followed her gaze. The far-away light in his eyes had deepened, but he shook his head gently, answering, as always, to her unworded thought. "I do not know," he had said, "but there is something, and I cannot come to harm. Once a man is sure of that he may walk unaffrighted and in peace all his days."

LAURA A. DRAPER, 1912.

CANDLES FOR THE VIRGIN.

THEY walked in silence through the wheat fields, the slight figure of the girl contrasting well with the man's muscular strength.

"Is not the sky lovely, Antoine?" The girl slipped her hand into his hard brown one. "So rosy and happy, just the way I feel."

"But you are so pale, your cheeks are so white. Here, I will put some color into them." He kissed her soundly on each cheek. "That is better, 'tite."

"You are too impatient, 'Toine. Do but keep your hands to yourself for two little minutes, and hear what Elise has to tell you." She stepped in front of the man and put her hands on his shoulders. "Why don't you ask why I am happy? I have earned my dowry now, Antoine, all, all of it, and next month we shall be married. You shall go to Père Lamarte to-morrow, and tell him—Oh, 'Toine, fire, see, the village is on fire. Oh, la Sainte Vièrge keep us from harm!" She clung to Antoine

in terror. He had turned to face the village, and stood gazing at it intently.

"It's only the church," he announced, "but it may spread. I shall be needed. Come!" He seized Elise's hand and together they ran toward the village, Elise sobbing as she stumbled along.

"Only the church! Mother of God, the saints must be angry."

The saints must have been very angry, for it was a splendid display of wrath. By the time Elise and Antoine had reached the main street, the flames had wrapped the church in a quivering sheet of splendor. The stony towers writhed in the embrace and came crashing to the ground. Every turning of the narrow, winding street was lighted with the unearthly glow; fitful, ghostlike shadows danced and scampered over the tiny houses; even the windows of the convent half a mile up the hill glared demoniacally. The women prayed and the men worked desperately at carrying water from the pump to the church.

In vain, the wrath of the saints triumphed, and soon the peasants transferred their attention to the neighboring houses. An hour later the fire was out. Père Lamarte, with his back to the black, smoking ruin, raised his arms to bless the village. The people, too shaken and exhausted even to sob, fell upon their knees in the street. The priest's voice shook as he pronounced the blessing. "To-morrow, mes enfants," he concluded, "and thereafter, until by God's grace we have here again a church, mass will be said at the convent chapel. And now home, all of you."

Elise, who had kept closer to Antoine during all of the excitement, lifted a tearful, grimy face to his. She shivered in the hot, smoky air. "Oh, Antoine, I am afraid," she said,—"the Mother of God is angry, she let her church burn. I would my mother were alive. Oh, Antoine!"

"Fear not, little dove." He put a strong arm around the thin shaking figure. "Now your dowry is ready, we shall be married. I will take care of you,—fear not."

A wan smile passed over Elise's face. "It's just that I miss my mother, and to have the Virgin angry makes one afraid. But I will not be a coward, 'Toine. When we are married, all will be right. Good-night, beloved. No, do not come with me."

She walked swiftly down the cobbled street. As she neared its frayed and ragged end, she spied a light in the window of the furthest hut. "Tiens, Pierre must be home," she thought. "I have not seen him this night. Pray Mother of God the boys are not with him." Only the Virgin knew how she dreaded to go home the nights her brother had been carousing with his idle companions. Tearfully she pushed open the door; the lamplight showed her that her brother was alone. Relief gave way to astonishment, astonishment to fear as he came towards her with a bundle in his arms, dressed as if for a journey.

"Why, Pierre," she began, but he interrupted, with a half-sob, "I—Nicholas and I are—we are going to Paris," half defiantly.

"To Paris!"

Pierre shifted his bundle uneasily. "Don't make a fuss, now, Elise, but give your brother some money—oh, I know you have some, you've been saving a long time—to go learn a trade. Nicholas and I, we are going to-night," he finished with some show of bravado.

"To-night, Pierre?" He nodded emphatically.

Elise's knees doubled up beneath her and she sank to the floor, crying silently. "Oh, oh, Pierre, not to-night, don't leave me, oh, my brother, I, who love you so. There are many trades in Monterey. Paris—it is so far, oh, oh,—"

"Elise, I tell you I must go. Will you help me?" Pierre's tone was desperate.

Elise sat up. "What is the matter?" she asked in a frightened tone. "I have only my dowry—why must you go?" Pierre stooped to tie his shoe-lace, but in a flash Elise had seized his arm. "Pierre," she said shrilly, "answer me. There is something—I must know." He tried to shake her off. The corners of his weak mouth worked irresolutely. Elise threw her arms about his neck. "Tell me, brother," she coaxed. "Elise will help you—only tell me."

The tears were rolling down his face now, and the story came out in a rush, mingled with sobs. "We were at the cabaret, the boys and I—" "Sainte Vièrge, drinking again," Elise groaned—"and—and—I don't know what happened—we got old Maitre Cartier's torches and

somehow or other we, Nicholas and I—fired the church, that's what the others say, and," he flung himself out of Elise's arms and fairly screamed, "we must go to Paris—I dare not stay—we must go—help, help!"

Elise was very white and strangely quiet. She gazed at Pierre for a long minute, went into her room, drew a small flat bag from beneath her mattress, returned and put it into Pierre's hands. "There is money for your journey, my brother," she said evenly. "It is the least my love can do for you. Be a good lad and may the saints watch over you." She kissed him tenderly, detachedly, as an angel might kiss a mortal, and Pierre rushed out into the night.

The reaction came upon Elise with overpowering suddenness, and when it had drained her dry of tears, she fell upon her knees before a plaster image of the Virgin in one corner. "Dear Mother of God," she prayed for him, "be not angry with him. He is but a lad and weak, and he knew not what he did. Oh, I pray thee, Immaculate One, have compassion for him, and guard him." The image stared straight ahead, and the eyes kept their straight plaster line, and as Elise entreated, the lamp flickered and went out. She rose stiffly from her knees and groped her way to the bed. As she lay down, a wave of self-pity swept over her. "It is lonely without Pierre," she moaned, "and I will be without him for so long—without him, and without Antoine, too;" a sharp pain penetrated the dull exhausted ache, "for I cannot marry him now."

She rose early after fitful snatches of sleep to tell Antoine, before he should go to Père Lamarte. She met him, swinging off to work in the field after mass in the convent.

"I cannot marry you now, Antoine," she said, dully, "my dowry is gone."

The big man stopped in amazement. "Gone?" he queried, his voice sharp with surprise.

"Yes, I gave it to Pierre. He is gone to Paris with Nicholas Cordon."

"But, Elise, you do not wish to marry me?" Antoine was puzzled.

"How can you ask?" said Elise, hurt at his lack of understanding. "But I have no dowry."

The slow red crept into Antoine's face. "Then let us get married without a dowry. I am poor," he wavered,—"but I am tired of waiting and if Pierre is gone, someone must take care of you."

A red spot of color flamed in each of Elise's pale cheeks. "No, no, Antoine, do you think I would have it said that Antoine Raimbault's wife brought him no dowry? No, I am strong," she straightened her little thin figure, "and I will earn it soon again—I am very skilful at my lace," she said proudly. "If only you will wait, Antoine?"

"Till the end of the world, my dove," said the man. "But tell me, why are the boys gone to Paris?"

Dissembling was impossible to Elise's transparent soul. She traced a little path in the dust with the toe of her shoe, then she said in a barely audible tone, "He and the boys were drinking last night at Cartier's and they fired the church." Her voice trailed off into silence and she raised imploring eyes to his face. Antoine gave a low whistle. "You will not tell anyone, 'Toine, please."

"Not if you wish me to be silent, little dove," he replied, and kissed her squarely on the mouth.

But neither Antoine's nor Elise's silence could hide the ugly tale. The village began by eying Elise askance, until, having been roundly scolded by Père Lamarte, their native kindliness asserted itself and Elise had nothing worse to suffer than her anxiety for Pierre. That, however, stole the joy from her life. Three times a day she went to pray at the convent chapel, and at night, kneeling on her exquisitely clean, bare floor she struggled with the Virgin for her brother's soul. And still the plaster eyes stared straight ahead and the plaster lips curved in no gracious smile. As she prayed thus one evening, the withered old woman who lived with her opened the door of the hut, creaked up behind her and placed a skinny claw on her shoulder. "Have you heard, ma petite," she croaked in Elise's ear, "Pierre and Nicholas have joined a band of apaches in the city. M'sieur Ca Vache is just returned. He is telling it in the square."

At first Elise, absorbed in her prayers, did not hear. The old woman repeated her news, emphasizing it with a shake of Elise's slender body. When the girl did finally comprehend, her eyes burned

strangely in her white face. "You lie!" she said passionately, and rushed out-of-doors.

The convent bells were ringing and the villagers were winding up the street towards the hill. They shook their heads significantly as they spied Elise. She caught the gestures and their glances, and fled past them up the hill into the convent garden. When mass had been said she slipped into the chapel, and fell on her knees before the statue of the Virgin. Here Père Lamarte found her as he went his rounds, extinguishing the dim tapers.

He placed his hand sympathetically on her shoulder. "Courage, and faith, mon enfant."

The kindness of the tone broke down Elise's stoicism. "Oh, have you heard, my father, have you heard?" she cried, the tears running down her face. "The blessed Virgin is very angry to let my brother become a thief."

"But it was a grievous offence, my child, —to burn the Holy Church." Père Lamarte's gentle voice swelled into indignation.

"But father, I have prayed and fasted and given all I could for the new church, and still the Mother of God will not smile upon me. I am to be Antoine Raimbault's wife soon,—I save for my dowry,—but I dare not with my brother a thief and the Virgin wroth. Father, how shall I appease her?"

Père Lamarte looked at the thin shabby figure before him, then his eyes wandered to the statue of the Virgin. He coughed, cleared his throat, coughed again, and then with his eyes fixed on the Virgin, he said, "You must bring her some sacrifice, my daughter."

"But I am so poor, father, what shall it be?"

"The candles of Chôlet smell very sweet," said the priest, "and their fragrance is doubly pleasing to the Virgin if one has procured them oneself."

"It is very far, father," said Elise in a low tone. "I am not strong, and I have not sous enough to ride. Must one get them oneself?"

"Sacrifices are pleasing to the Virgin, but do as your heart bids you, mon enfant,— it will not tell you wrong." Père Lamarte turned and left her.

A half hour later Elise rose from her knees with a glory on her pale face. She had vowed three tapers of Chôlet to the blessed Virgin and her face was radiant with the conquest of self. As she went down the hill, her eyes saw far beyond the straggling village, gray and dreary in the twilight, and in the week that followed they saw right through the lace at which her nimble fingers worked early and late. The villagers said that Elise Lanvin walked apart as one who had had a vision. Even Antoine was shy of her, and Elise, counting the money that was to have been her dowry, pledged now to candles for the Virgin, was glad that he did not come to see her. Candles for the Virgin became the passion of her life. The frail body had toiled before to accumulate the dowry, but now, in an ecstacy of self-sacrifice, she was tireless. Strange and disquieting tales about the government of Paris and the convents went the rounds of the village, but Elise had neither time nor inclination for gossip. When she had hoarded enough to buy the precious sweet candles, and pay the lodging on the way, with Père Lamarte's blessing she set out one Monday morning to Chôlet, eighty kilometers away. "It will please the Holy Mother, I know," she said to the priest at parting, "and she will turn Pierre's heart from wickedness."

It was a long, hard journey for Elise's slender strength, but the speed of her desire lent speed to her feet. The precious candles were bought from the monastery at Chôlet,—the monks were strangely agitated, and hardly paused long enough to notice her request, but Elise, wrapped in her vision, paid no heed. Physically she was quite worn out when, days later, grey with dust and fatigue, she approached her village in the chill dawn of a sunless morning—for her desire would not let her sleep. It was nearly nine o'clock when she set foot in the straggling cobbled street. Without even stopping to wash the dust from her face, she hurried through the village, impatiently shaking off the women who would have questioned her, even when they would have told her of Antoine. In a fever of eagerness she hastened up the hill to the convent. How strange and ghostlike it looked,—even in her eagerness, Elise could not but notice that the place had a deserted air. She ran through the garden and up to the

chapel. A gendarme was dozing on the chapel steps, but Elise ran lightly up without noticing him. She pushed the door—it did not open; she tried again, and then with a sick fear gripping at her heart she saw that it was locked. Desperately she beat upon it. The gendarme opened his eyes. "You might as well stop that," he said, "there's no one there."

"No one here—but why? What has happened? I must get in—I have candles of Chôlet for the Virgin."

The soldier was staring at her open-mouthed. Then, in silent contempt, he pointed to a huge proclamation posted on the chapel door high above Elise's head. "You'll have to burn them elsewhere, my girl," he said roughly. "There's no Virgin here any more." Then as he saw Elise's dazed, uncomprehending stare, he explained, a little more gently, "Did you not see the fight? The state and the church have separated. Your men fought well, but we have them in prison now." He saluted insolently. "There are no more convents and monasteries, the nuns and monks have all been turned out of the country."

The words were strange and unintelligible to Elise. She understood only that for some dreadful reason, the convent chapel was closed—forever. But she must, she must burn her tapers to the blessed Virgin. She wrung her hands in despair and the slow tears trickled down her face. Then she remembered the little plaster image in her own hut. Surely the mother of God would be gracious and accept them there. She seized her candles more firmly and ran gasping and blinded by tears, down the hill. Nearly exhausted she limped painfully down the cobbled street to her own door. The house was battered and scarred, and the door swung by one hinge.

"Now the Sainte Vièrge have pity on me," she prayed half aloud, and pushed it open.

She stepped into the hut and stood as if turned to stone. On the floor lay the image of the Virgin, broken to bits.

ELIZABETH R. HIRSCH, 1914.

LITERARY DOORWAYS.

I REMEMBER having an older friend once say to me when I was fretting to wear long skirts and look "grown-up" because a certain other girl did, "Of course you can imitate anybody's dress and manner, but you simply have to keep your own face and voice, you see. You can't get away from these, and so it is wiser to dress to suit your own appearance instead of someone else's, for dress is a kind of card of introduction by which other people may know something of you before they even hear your voice."

It is something the same way, I think, with books. Each book has its own individuality and its own voice which must always remain inherent in it and must always be distinct from those of any other book, no matter whether it appears to the world as an "edition de luxe" or as a tattered and cheap little copy. But each book must be dressed for the public in some way, and wisdom lies in the suiting of its dress to its voice. It seems to me that not only wisdom but a certain justice and civility also enters into the question. Books are to us the only embodiment we have of men who have thought deeper than we can think and taught more than we can realize, friends whose voices come to us now by means of print instead of by means of sound waves. This bodily absence does not in the least lessen,—indeed it really increases the dignity and individuality of the speaker. Therefore it behooves us to attend with care to the "card of introduction" which we give to each of these voices.

I have often wished that every author would choose either for his separate books or for his works as a set, the color and style in which he himself would wish them presented to the world. It would do away with a great many bindings that would, one feels sure, be absolutely distasteful to the author. That part of the book which invites us should in all fairness to the real owner of the book, the author, intimate the tone of the interior. In walking along

city streets one looks up at the blocks and blocks of brown-stone houses, each identical with its neighbor and with all the doorways of one and the same pattern. It is out of the question here to take any pleasure in wondering what manner of people live or are celled up behind those impersonal doors. But after driving through the country or through villages one feels almost acquainted with a great many of the people through the introduction of their doorways. The low, simple colonial door has its ideal mistress, hospitable and courteous; the quaint little trellised doorway belongs to a mistress who cannot be otherwise than charming; while the mistress sheltered by the severe, homely slab, which is just plain door, one feels must be as plain and unadorned as it. This is the way it should be with books. It seems to me that since it rests with the possessors of books rather than with their authors to plan the "doors" or bindings (that part, as I have said, which invites us), the possessors should feel themselves really responsible to preserve and indicate the author's personality as much as possible in those which they do select.

There are, however, innumerable books whose "doors" are as impersonal and monotonous as those of so many blocks of city houses. How often one enters a private library and sees rows upon rows of books uniform in size and color—Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, all the standard authors, just because they are standard, presenting identical exteriors. Upon one occasion I remember finding a row of this sort in which Tennyson and Rosetti merged undistinguished into Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and the line ended in dictionaries.

Even when the fault of monotony is avoided, there is a still more flagrant blunder which is found in every library, I suppose, but which is often very funny. This is the book whose binding not only fails to show, but definitely belies the real character of the book. One often hears it said, "Provided the shelves present a harmonious appearance, what does it matter how each book is bound? It is the inside that is important, not the outside." Why, of course. It is true also of people, that it is the character which is important, but it is no less true that it is the exterior which either invites or keeps people away. Why should it not be just as desirable to have one's friends and teachers who live in books as becomingly clothed as those who live in houses? It is this question of becomingness that is so often ignored. I believe that many people do not ever think of the author of a book as the man to whom the book truly belongs, and whose individuality, therefore, as far as he has allowed it to be discovered, should be the guide to all binding of his books. If they did we should not see such distressing incongruities as we so often do now. I suppose a certain friend of mine never thought of her rank blue-green Shakespeare with its decoration of cumbersome gilt angels playing on harps, as an atrocity; but so it seemed to me. In another library I saw Lamb bound in a red whose savagery would have made the "gentle Charles" fairly ache. But worse than that was a whole set of Sir Walter Scott presented to the world in pale greenish yellow. Scott, pale yellow!

It is bad enough to find discord between the fancied and the real inmates of certain houses. One would have a sorry little feeling of disappointment if in a pretty, old-fashioned doorway, with its graceful fan window above and its rose-jars on either side, there should suddenly appear a gaunt, mannish woman; and one would be equally surprised if the uninteresting, bare door should open upon a child of daintiness or great beauty. But it is even more jarring than this to find an exquisite and fascinating binding whose inmate is quite unworthy of or at least unsuited to it; or to find a book of rare power housed in an unsympathetic binding. More jarring because, in the case of real doorways, there is always comfort in the thought that the figures one sees may be mere visitors; but in the case of books the contents cannot be transient, they are unmistakably joined to their "doors," whether they belong together or not.

It was just such a shock, a violation of the "eternal fitness of things," that I felt upon picking up the other day a tall, starved-looking volume of Swinburne bound in the deadest of stone grays—dreary gray, when the very essence of Swinburne is grace and music and living color! It would have been as bad to have Shelley or Byron so bound. Bacon I found in the same library with the soft tooled leather,

gilt edges and initial letters of Christmas editions. I like beautiful editions as much as anyone, but that surprised me almost as much as a fancy Christmas binding of Burke's speeches would.

On the other hand it is a pleasure when one does find the binding fitted with understanding to the contents, and I am far from condemning gay and pretty books when the contents allow it, for I enjoy them. But I would have books bound with reference first to the purpose of the book itself, and then to its value.

HARRIET BEECHER DEVAN, 1913.

A CONVERSATION

Between Mr. Micawber (David Copperfield) and Jos Sedley (Vanity Fair) on Sartor Resartus.

ABOUT the year 1851 (before the days of the Orient Club), in South Fleet street, there stood a fashionable tavern known as the Piazza Coffee House. Among the perfumed dandies and dashing young bucks assembled there of a certain evening, you might have seen a red-faced, puffy man laboring over a book in one corner, his brilliant Hessian boots planted beneath a small breakfast table crowded with decanters and china—mute testimony of late demolition.

The crowded confusion of the table offered, however, no seeming hindrance to another gallant diner-out who now drew near and took possession of the opposite seat, presenting his stick and high top hat to the waiter with a flourish, and smiling genially around upon nobody in particular.

"A magnificent evening," remarked the stranger, passing a hand over his bald head and addressing the waiter in a most condescending yet genteel manner. Whereupon he called for fried sausages, deviled kidneys and porter; and fell to humming a tune. All this annoyed the rightful owner of the table confoundedly, and caused him to flutter his book, shift in his seat, and quite lose himself in his great neck-cloth, as if to avoid the stranger's wandering smile, which now lighted upon the title of his book and grew blander than ever.

"Ahem!" said the stranger in a tone that made the china rattle, "I would not intrude for the world, my dear sir, but permit me to observe what extreme pleasure it gives me to see you perusing that estimable work. I myself am not entirely ignorant of 'Sartor Resartus,' and find unfailing enjoyment in tracing the peregrinations of a great mind—if I may say—not unlike my own. I am, my dear sir, Wilkins Micawber, magistrate, late of Port Middlebay, Australia—at your service."

At Mr. Micawber's first words, the gentleman with the book gave a jump off his seat and seemed on the point of bolting in a great hurry; but, confused by an entanglement of table-legs and Hessian boots, or, perhaps, magnetized by Mr. Micawber's genial eye, he suddenly changed his mind and sank back in his chair with a great "puff."

"'Pon my word," said this gentleman, "it strikes me as a devilish fine book, too. I picked it up at old Skittles' stall not a half-hour back." Having delivered himself of which, the gentleman in question poured a glass of wine for himself and was on the point of drinking it when he suddenly realized his rudeness, blushed furiously, and ejaculated as an after-thought:

"Permit me, Mr. Micawber. Your health, egad, sir! Joseph Sedley of the East India Service, home on leave under the doctor's orders."

"Mr. Sedley, I am enchanted, I am delighted, sir! You are indeed a man of discernment, sir. This is the most remarkable case of something's turning up I have as yet encountered. Do I understand, sir, that you ran across this book by mere chance?"

"Pooh," said Jos, highly flattered, "I guess I know something about books. I was just stopping at old Skittles' stall to have a look at his dem fine gel (who's always made a dead set for me), and old Skittles hands me out this here and says: 'Just the book for you, Mr. Sedley. Latest thing out on fine clothes and tailors.' He takes me for quite a Brummel about town,

you know," and Jos swelled his stays and green waistcoat till there was an ominous pop.

"True, quite true," said Mr. Micawber, always ready to agree with everybody. "For my part, I enjoy this remarkable book by culling therefrom words quite impossible to find in the dictionary; and thereby enriching my own not quite mean vocabulary. And, if I may say so, I have detected a certain singular similarity between my own thoughts and modes of expression, and those of the divine Sartor. He was, like myself, you know, something of a philanthropist, a philosopher, and not unacquainted with the so-called seamy side of life. In short," concluded Mr. Micawber, with a wave of the hand and a sudden burst of confidence, "were I released from my onerous duties in upholding the law, I might produce a similar work and not inferior. The idea has often occurred to me."

"The part I like," said Mr. Sedley, determined not to be outdone, "is where that young buck with the galooned breeches full of bran, sat down on a nail when he went to court. Demmy, that was fine!" and Jos burst out into a wild fit of laughter which stopped suddenly at the sight of a tray of decanters and glittering glasses, which the waiter now brought forward.

"What a capital occasion on which to brew some punch!" cried Mr. Micawber, springing up with great animation.

MARIE COLLINS, 1913.

SLIP SHEETS.

THE HAY LOFT.

The loft was filled high with fresh hay so that the child, as she cradled herself on one of the little hollows, lay almost among the eaves and on a level with the tiny paneless window. She plunged her stubby legs down into the depth of hay till it breathed out its moist heat around them like the breath of a calf, and the little girl wriggled down deeper. It bristled around her hot little neck and rasped over her face, but she knew that if you squirmed around in one little place, like a puppy, the hay would get all soft and cosy. A swallow swooped silently through the loft, followed hard by its mate, and the child watched with comradely interest as they skimmed by her face. Close by her head the tiny window flooded the billows of hay far and near with warm sunshine that charmed from it the sweet hay smell that makes haylofts so beloved in childhood. Further off, especially back in the shadowy corners, the hay teemed with mystery and whispered to itself with tiny stirrings that set the child staring with all her eyes into the gloom.

HARRIET BEECHER DEVAN, 1913.

IN THE SWIMMING TANK.

The warm mugginess of the air in the plunge-room seems to sap her energy and she stands swaying uncertainly on the edge of the deep end of the pool. The marble step chills her feet, and the green water laps in little cold ripples over her toes, so it is "One, two, three, in I go," feet first and body stiff as a poker. The water gurgles up over her head and at last her feet touch the slippery sliminess of the tile bottom and a quick little push sends her choking and gasping to the surface. She treads water a moment, shakes the hair out of her eyes and is off for the further end, swimming easily and almost noiselessly on her side. Her red rubber cap stands out in sharp relief against the faded blue of her bathing suit and the greyness of the water, and her white legs twinkle back and forth without a splash.

DOROTHY HILL, 1915.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE LAUNDRY.

(With Apologies to Arnold Bennett.)

Thursday afternoon she came home from a late class tired and dejected. She walked up-stairs and paused before the turn of the corridor. She knew that as soon as she turned the corner she would see a white bundle staring at her from the dark angle made by the corridor floor and the door of her own room. She shut her eyes a moment and then went on. Yes, it was there. "It's never late when I don't need it," she said, and the tired curve of her lip straightened into a line of frigid

bitterness. She lifted the laundry wearily and placed it on her bed. She stood for a moment, very still, by the window. "I don't feel like putting it away now," she murmured desperately. "It isn't fair; it isn't fair!" Even when she looked back on it long afterwards the fact that sweep-day and her laundry both came on Thursday seemed to her a phenomenon inexplicable by the laws of coincidence. There was something fateful about it. Tears came to her eyes. She took a crumpled handkerchief out of the sagging pocket of her gray sweater and blew her nose vehemently. "Well, I may as well," she said resignedly. For three minutes she tried to untie the knots. Then defiance surged hotly through her. With a tragic gesture she reached out for the scissors and ruthlessly cut the string.

EMILY TOLL, 1913.

THE GREY ROCKS AND ME.

"The vastness of nature,
The stretch of the sea,
The lapping of waters,
The grey rocks and me."

All day long I had played alone by the pools on the shore which the tide leave; or roamed the pine woods by the water, or leapt with the joy of quick, unafraid motion from one jagged rock to another. Now the shadows were long on the rocks where I sat just above the deep, moving water. My heart was full and it sang:

"The vastness of nature,
The stretch of the sea,
The lapping of waters
The grey rocks and me."

GRETCHEN WISS, 1915.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1912.

SHAKESPEARE PLAY.

The Shakespeare Society gave "Much Ado About Nothing," at 7:30 P. M., Saturday, June 1, in Rhododendron Hollow. The cast was as follows:

Don Pedro, Prince of Aragon, Sara Graves
Don John, bastard brother to the Prince Lina Carr
Leonato, Governer of Messina, Dorothy Deemer
Antonio, brother to Leonato, Dorothy Drake
Claudio, a young lord of Florence, Grace Slack
Benedick, a young lord of Padua, Evelyn Wells
Balthazar, attendant on Don Pedro, Helen Cross
Borachio, Conrade } followers of Don John { Helen Brant, Elizabeth Griffith
Dogberry, a constable, Frances Gray
Verges, a head borough, Helen Smith
Lencole, a watchman, Mary Wadsworth
Sexton, Louise Garst
Hero, daughter to Leonato, Edith Bessie
Beatrice, niece to Leonato, Helen Joy
Ursula, Margaret } Gentlewoman attending on Hero { Marion Parsons, Bonita Ferguson
Ladies, attendants, watch, etc.

The scenes are laid in Messina.

Katherine Mortenson, president of the society, gave the prologue of welcome with charming graciousness and dignity, begging the forbearance of the "companie," "if there be aught amiss in this our plaie, . . . for wee be not skilled actors, wont to make sport before great folk as ye be, but a poor companie of scoller-plaiers who nathless doe plaie right merrilie for the love wee beare our master, gentle William Shakespeare."

As a matter of fact little "indulgence" was needed in judging this performance. The success of the play was best attested to by the frequent spontaneous applause of the audience. The cast work was unusually smooth and convincing, with carefully planned details. The individuals were unfailingly well chosen for their respective roles.

Helen Joy, as Beatrice, was refreshingly natural and without self-consciousness. She threw herself into her part and so commanded it that one forgot the actress in the character. In the more shrewish portions of her part her facial expressions and personality suggested delicately the transition to the deeper and sweeter nature of the conquered Beatrice. There was an occasional note of harshness in her voice, due probably to the effort to be heard, but on the whole her enunciation was good and her voice was often remarkably vibrant with feeling for the lines.

Evelyn Wells, as Benedick, carried the part through with a thoroughly convincing bravado. Occasionally there was a little too much insistence on this one note, making the part consistent but without variety. In short the portions requiring braggadocio comedy, as, for instance, the tirade against Beatrice in Act I, done with amusing abandon, were acted with greater ease and variety than the love scenes requiring deeper feeling. Miss Wells' voice is neither deep nor strong and in the effort to make it both it became somewhat mechanical; her enunciation, however, was excellent and her pronunciation interestingly English. She carried her audience with her and won much applause.

Grace Slack, as Claudio, had a more reserved, and therefore more difficult part to play. Her make-up did not erase the feminine character of her face, but her own facial expressions was both varied and appropriate. She played throughout with restraint and great feeling, in a voice which may not have carried so far as others', but which was rich and full.

Edith Besse's Hero,— a part lacking in opportunities,— was excellent in pantomime, extraordinarily winsome and pretty and adequate.

Lina Carr as Don John gave a finished and consistent piece of work. Her make-up was admirable in suggesting the sly, sinister nature of the character.

Helen Brant's voice (as Borachio) was notably good. Frances Gray played Dogberry with infectious abandon, although the stage "business" of her part was a little mechanical. Dorothy Deemer's work as Leonato was even and showed adequate feeling. Sara Graves, as Don Pedro, did finished work worthy of a more important role.

As always, in the case of amateur performances, much of the success of the production was due to the coach, Miss Maud Scherer of the Leland Powers School and Laura Draper, chairman of the Play Committee. The make-up, in most cases, was carelessly and inartistically done, but the costumes were effective and carefully planned, with an eye not only to individual suitability but to harmony of color scheme in ensemble scenes.

OMISSION.

The "News" regrets the omission of the name of Helen Richardson, 1913, winner of the Novice Cup in running.

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ALUMNÆ EDITOR, Bertha March, 1895
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Lucile Woodling, 1914 Charlotte M. Conover, 1914
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All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Helen G. Logan, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.
All items of college interest will be received by Miss Kathlene Burnett, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.
All Alumnæ News should be sent to Miss Bertha March, 394 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.
All business communications should be sent to Miss Frances Gray, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.
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EDITORIAL.

SUMMER READING.

In the back leaf of many a note-book there is a list of books jotted down at odd moments, recommended either by instructors or by girls, for summer reading. Careful persons have probably kept neat and annotated records. Less scholarly ones have scribbled them down here and there on fly-leaf or margin; or have even been so rash as to trust to "one small head's" remembering such.

Few of us there are who have not resolved to read these books and more, in the summer time,—that heavenly interval which, surveyed from afar off, seems to promise so much leisure. As a rule our resolves turn out to be the kind of stuff dreams are made of. Everyone is so busy catching up in the good times which she thinks she has lost out on in the winter absence, that reading dwindles into insignificance. In spite of such "stumbling blocks" on the road to knowledge, can we not make a plea for something better than hasty magazine reading, or occasional more or less worthless "hammock novels?" Doesn't it really seem too bad to give our brains such a thorough and systematic rest during the summer months that they are strongly inclined to go to seed? Doesn't it really reflect decidedly against our college training to engross ourselves in reading that is "unworth while," when our courses here have opened the way and have sought to direct us along the ways of the past treasures of knowledge. It is with an eye to a time when we have more leisure than here at college that books are suggested for summer reading, and we owe it to ourselves to make the most we can of our education in this point.

We do not doubt the good intentions of the majority of girls, but we do most sincerely deplore the fact that these same good intentions are less frequently carried out. If this editorial serves no further purpose than reminding you to gather up the various memoranda you have made in the past, it will not be in vain. But don't stop there,—read some of the books, and you will be surprised and pleased to find them more interesting than the worthless variety, and far more elevating.

DEBATING CLUB.

The final meeting of the Debating Club was held Monday, May 20, at 7.30, P.M., in Zeta Alpha House. The dues for the following year were raised from twenty-five to fifty cents.

Marguerite Stitt, 1914, was elected president. The subject of the informal debate was, "Resolved, that the city should furnish the people with amusements on Sunday." The captain of the affirmative was Mary Burd; and of the negative, Grace Ruel. The judges, Miss Stevenson and Miss Newkirk, decided in favor of the affirmative.

Refreshments were served and the meeting adjourned.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Annie J. Cannon, Wellesley, '84, spoke, Wednesday, May 29, at 11.45 A.M., at the Observatory, to the classes in Astronomy 1, on the spectroscopic astronomical work being done at Harvard, under Professor Pickering. She mentioned that the early work aroused neither interest nor attention and that Professor Pickering showed unusual insight in continuing the work which, since 1910, has become the "fad" of astronomical research.

Professor Whiting lectured to the Physics 1 classes, Tuesday, May 28, on "Sky Colors."

FARNSWORTH ART BUILDING.

For the convenience of alumnæ and other guests of the college the Farnsworth Art Building will be open on Baccalaureate Sunday, June 16, and on the Sunday preceding, June 9, from 2.15 to 5.30 P.M.

PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

NEXT YEAR.

I long to live up in the "Quad,"
To stay with all the bunch,
But Freeman is the place, they say,
One gets good "eats" for lunch.
In Stone the rooms are big and bright,
With closet room to spare.
While Wood and Norumbega boast
An academic air.
I think to dwell in College Hall
Would be the height of bliss
There's always something doing there,
No fun you'd have to miss.
But girls, I'm feeling sorrowful,
May I have your sympathy?
Tent life for mine next year, I guess
I drew 433.

1914.

THE SALE OF ITALIAN ARTS AND CRAFTS.

The Department of Arts and Crafts of Denison House, the Boston College Settlement, wishes to thank the Wellesley students who so ably co-operated with the Settlement in making the sale at the Inn, on May 20 and 21, a success. Italian and Syrian work in lace, and Italian articles of needlework, leather and silver, were sold to the amount of $81.71. The Settlement is most appreciative of the generous assistance of Miss Guernsey, Miss Parker, and their corps of efficient helpers. In the autumn the Department of Arts and Crafts hopes to have another sale in the village, when a greater variety of designs and articles will be offered.

LOST.

Taken by mistake from the umbrella rack in College Hall, a black silk umbrella, long silver handle with Sara Stowell Graves engraved on the top. Please return to College Hall, or to owner, 22 Eliot.

DEATH.

April 27, 1912, Alice Harding Churchill, 1900, died at Mahableshwar, India.

THE WEDNESDAY EVENING MEETINGS.

The committee on religious meetings, forming its plans for next year, would most warmly welcome any suggestions from any members of the college concerning the conduct of the mid-week meeting of the Christian Association. Is there any way in which we might make these meetings minister more directly or more fully to the higher life of the whole community?

A box will be found in the Christian Association office, in which slips containing such suggestions may be placed.

E. H. Kendrick.

NOTICE.

Don't forget the General Aid fair, which will be held next fall. The summer is a good time to get things ready to put in the fair. This is a fine chance to make some money, as each girl receives the full profit for what she sells.

Marjorie R. Peck,
Chairman General Aid Committee.

ENGAGEMENT.

Marion T. Shoemaker, (formerly of the class of 1913), to William Clarke Grieb of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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How tired we do get of the Wellesley sh-sh! And you may be sure that the much abused sh-shers are as tired of it as the sh-sh-ed, but still more weary of the noise. Can't we have as little noise as possible during the coming two weeks? Husky people who don't mind noise, please remember that there are many who have tired bodies and overwrought nerves, who find trouble in getting sleep at night and who must have as much rest as possible to gain strength for examinations. It seems queer that some girls who are the soul of good breeding and unselfishness in every other respect should be lacking in this one thing. Consider the other person's point of view, and if speech is silver for you, remember that silence may be golden for that other girl.

MAGAZINE PRIZE CONTEST.

Through the generosity of the classes of 1913, 1914 and 1915, the NEWS and MAGAZINE is enabled to offer three prizes, eight dollars for the best short story, five dollars for the best poem, and two dollars for the best "Parliament of Fools," submitted by September 5, 1912.

Conditions:

1. The competition is open to the classes of 1913, 1914 and 1915.

2. No story or poem written for the English Department should be submitted in the competition.

3. Each manuscript should be signed with a pseudonym and be accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing the pseudonym and containing the author's name.

4. Any contestant may submit as many manuscripts as she choses.

5. The MAGAZINE reserves the privilege of publishing any story, poem or "Parliament of Fools" submitted.

6. The Committee of Judges retains the right to withhold the award of prizes, provided there are less than ten manuscripts entered under any class, or provided that none reach a certain standard of merit.

7. All manuscripts should be in the hands of Sarah W. Parker, 105 Haverling Street, Bath, New York, before September 5, 1912.

8. Award of prizes will be announced in the second number of the NEWS, October, 1912. The winning story, poem and "Parliament of Fools" will be published in the November MAGAZINE.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Saturday, June 8, Rhododendron Hollow. 7.30 P.M., dress rehearsal of Senior Play, "Sherwood."

Sunday, June 9, Houghton Memorial Chapel. 11.00 A.M., Professor George A. Barton of Bryn Mawr College.
7.00 P.M., Vespers.

Monday, June 10, alternate date for dress rehearsal of Senior Play.

Tuesday, June 11, Float.

Wednesday, June 12, Rhododendron Hollow. 8.00 P.M., Alpha Kappa Chi play, "Electra."

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION ELECTIONS, 1912 AND 1913.

President: Gladys Dowling, 1913.
Vice President: Margaret Elliott, 1914.
Treasurer: Dorothy Bean, 1914.
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BARNSWALLOWS.

The "Road to Yesterday," presented at the Barn, Saturday evening, May 25, is to be counted among our most successful productions. It was a good play, to begin with, and had more vitality than the usual Barn type. The actors took their parts with admirable spirit, responsive to Berenice Van Slyke's excellent coaching. In this play the great problem is atmosphere, to be gained on the Barn stage by acting alone, for the scenery was good neither for a Studio Supper at midnight in 1903, nor for the semi-barbarous conditions represented as existing in 1603. The effect of mystery was obtained through two characters: Beulah Hubbard as Malena Loveson created an attractive personality, tinged with the mystic, and as Malena the gipsy impersonated fiery gipsy passion most convincingly. Her work had both charm and the dramatic quality. Louise Russell as Lord Strangevon created the atmosphere of chilling dream-like terror, but was less perfect as a modern lover. In each setting Elspeth stands as the incongruous character. Evelyn Vanderveer gave a delightful interpretation of the light-hearted little American, dizzy with sight-seeing but still charmingly enthusiastic; and again as transported into a past age whose tragic intensity is quite out of keeping with her waking experience. She was a dear little person and gave the play both its humor and its pathos. Betty Berkebile as Adrian Tompkyns, and Dorothy Stiles as Aunt Harriet interpreted intellectually their semi-comic characters: the man who thought he was once Cromwell, and the maiden lady who found it so hard to keep perpendicular. Ruth Pepperday threw great sympathy into the part of Eleanor, the sweet but wronged and saddened noblewoman. Jack Greatorex, Clara Hart, and Will Loveson, Jean Robertson, did well in characters which had been somewhat less differentiated by the playwright than the preceding. Alice Ross as Norah, was amusing, and Elizabeth Clark, charming in the little role of Dolly Foulis. The mob was impersonated by Margaret Elliott, Dorothy Steele, Charlotte Henze and Silence McVay.

"The Road to Yesterday" is a bigger and more serious play than is usually given at the Barn. The cast rose to the occasion and in spite of the small number of rehearsals presented a very finished piece of acting. Praise is due also to Elva McKee, chairman, and her committee, and to Berenice Van Slyke, whose first experience in coaching proved such a success.

CONSUMERS' LEAGUE ELECTION.

President, Frederica Savage, 1913; Corresponding Secretary, Margaret Hewey, 1913; Recording Secretary and Treasurer, Lucy Addams, 1914; Faculty Member, Miss Tufts; 1913 Member, Elizabeth Kipp; 1914 Member, Jean Corwin; 1915 Member, Margaret Christian.

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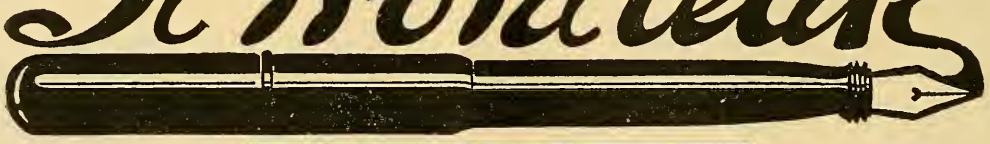

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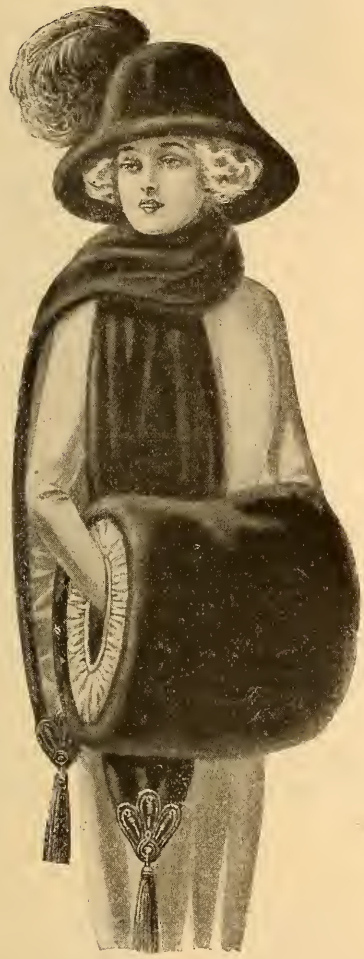

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